THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE, AND SPIRIT.

For FEBRUARY, 1801.

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[Embellished with a beautiful Engraving of THE WILD OX, by SCOTT, and an Etching of CHERUBIM SHOOTING, by HOWIT.]

London:

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And Sold by J. WHEBLE, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall-mall, opposite St. James's Place; J. BOOTH, Duke Street, Portland Place; JOHN HILTON, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

W. JUSTINS, PRINTER, PEMBERTON ROW, GOUGH SQUARE.

Hunting the Wild Ox
from Redinger.

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE,

For FEBRUARY 1801.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

The Wild Ox.

An Engraving, from Ridinger.

THIS untameable animal, endowed with a degree of strength and swiftness not to be paralleled, is no longer to be found, at large, in the forests of Germany, but only in the parks and enclosures of the great Lords, where it is preserved for pleasure, or as a rarity.

Ridinger was a celebrated German Draughtsman and Engraver; and whose Life we shall give in some future Number, meaning to furnish more Engravings from his inimitable Works.

DIAMOND.

HIS SAFE ARRIVAL IN IRELAND

ALL the Sporting World, whose hopes and fears this celebrated horse has so often and so powerfully excited, must feel some interest in his fate. It is with pleasure, then, we announce his safe arrival, at twelve o'clock on the 17th inst. at Castle Hyde, in the county of Cork, the seat of Colonel Arthur Hyde, his new master.

Diamond was two days and two nights on his voyage from Holyhead to Dublin, during which time he encountered much boisterous weather. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, and that horses suffer very much at sea at all times, he reached his destination in as good health and condition as when he set out from London. No better proof can be urged, of the fineness of his temper, and the excellence of his constitution. Had Alexander's *Bucephalus*, or the favourite of Nero, risen from the dead, and appeared in Dublin, they could not have excited more curiosity than his arrival in that city. During his stay there, the milliners shops were deserted for the stables, and the Ladies vied with the Gentlemen in number and eagerness to see him. Every village, through which he passed, resounded with nothing but his name, and praises of his beauty: some, indeed, would rank him in mind, as in form, superior to the rest of his species; for they assure us, that, in passing over the Curragh of Kildare, he seemed perfectly sensible he was upon his *own ground*.

From this account, Diamond is not likely to have reason to complain of Irish hospitality. At all events, (considering the numerous accidents to which such a spirited animal was liable) Colonel Hyde may consider the journey as a sort of *Diamond Lottery*, and himself the fortunate holder of the *Prize Ticket*.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Berkeley Hounds.

A Most extraordinary circumstance happened with the Berkeley Hounds, on Tuesday the 10th instant:—

Meeting the company to throw off at Hodgmoor, they soon unkenneled, and went away in the highest stile imaginable, crossing a considerable scope of country, with breast-high running for two hours. They at length reached Pollord's Wood, where the field of horsemen was very much reduced: here Reynard, finding himself severely pressed by the pack, (which was close at his brush) jumped into what is called a *ground-fall*, of ten or twelve feet deep, and was immediately followed down the obscured precipice by the body of hounds, who were completely lost to view, and the very few horsemen, that were near, left in a state of the utmost consternation.

Tom Oldaker, (the Huntsman) and one *Whipper-in*, being up, the latter permitted himself to be let down into the dreary abyss, from whence, by the most incessant exertion and incredible fatigue, he extricated and got to the surface *seven* couple,—then *the fox*, and, with a persevering Herculean labour, the remaining *fourteen* couple, many dreadfully bruised, and the last, a favourite leading hound, (which it is supposed went down close to the fox) *quite dead*. Previous to the conclusion of this arduous and dreary task, the Whipper-in had earnestly implored assistance for extrication, and had no sooner reached the surface (nature being quite exhausted with bodily fatigue) than he fainted, and his recovery was for some time doubtful. To use Oldaker's own words, "It was the most shocking sight he ever was a witness to, and hopes never to see the like again."

We are happy to afford our Sporting Readers early and authentic information, that these hounds will hunt the Berkshire district the first week in March. On Monday, the 2d, they throw off at Kidgeham Copse, near Wokingham; and on Wednesday, the 4th, at the Shoulder of Mutton, Binfield.

Malton Coursing Meeting, *February* 3.

In consequence of the numerous matches that were run at this meeting, the sport continued till Friday afternoon.

The first Silver Cup was run for over the Wharham Grounds: the entry for it as follows—

Sir Rowland Wynn,	2	dogs named.
Major Topham	- 1	
Mr. Plumer	- 1	
Mr. Croft	- 1	

But in consequence of all the dogs, except Sir Rowland Wynn's, being slipped before the signal, the cup was adjudged to Sir Rowland.

Mr. Plumer was the chief winner of matches. His dogs distinguished themselves much. His famous dog, *Speed*, died shortly after his match, the last meeting, with *Snowball*.

WEDNESDAY.

Mr. Duncombe's fox-hounds threw off at Settrington Wood. No fox found. The hounds appeared in a gallant stile.

THURSDAY.

Various matches were run; and the dogs beat the hares, who did not run well.

FRIDAY.

The second large silver cup was run for by seven dogs. Here, again, a singular circumstance occurred:—

curred:—Mr. Darley's bitch (unanimously allowed to be the best) disqualified, by starting before the signal. Mr. Lee, of Grove, was the winner. The cup was contested on the Duggleby Grounds.

The meeting was very numerous, and the weather uncommonly fine. More hares were killed than ever were known at a February meeting.—The matches made for the next November meeting exceed in number any before made: among the rest, seven of the blood of *Snowball*, against seven capital dogs that have won every thing, bred from a famous bitch of Mr. Croft's, which won the cup seven years ago.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

Crim. Con.

Court of King's Bench,
Saturday, *Feb.* 21.
Before Lord Kenyon and a Special Jury

HOARE *v.* ALLAN.

THIS very interesting cause today again came before the Court. We shall, however, now give but a very short statement of it, as we detailed all its circumstances at great length when it was first tried, and as the result of the two trials is exactly the same.

The parties are both Gentlemen of large fortune and great respectability. The action was brought for criminal conversation. That Major Allan had lived with Mrs. Hoare, it was clearly proved; but it could not be made out, that there had been any improper intercourse between them till after Mrs. Hoare had left her husband's house. She had become acquainted with Major Allan in India, many years ago, and had then conceived an incurable passion for him; but till October last, when he returned, she had never violated the laws of decorum.

It was attempted to be made out, that Mr. Hoare was altogether ignorant of his wife's intentions, and that he believed she was going on a visit to her uncle, Major Cooke. The attempt was not successful; and, notwithstanding the evidence of Mr. Clarke, who described them both to be in the most dreadful state of distress when they parted, the Jury, with Lord Kenyon's approbation, found a verdict for the Defendant.

All hope of Mr. Hoare being able to procure a divorce, *a vinculo matrimonii*, is thus taken away.

Slight of Hand.—Assault.

Court of King's Bench,
Monday, *February* 23.

HACKET *v.* BLOXAM.

MR Garrow stated, that the Plaintiff in this case was sitting in the Red Lion public-house, Islington Road, with several other persons, attending to the exhibitions of a Slight-of-hand professor. After he had concluded his performance, the company gave him a gratuity of a penny each, except the Plaintiff, who, being much delighted with his amusing tricks, rewarded him with six-pence. Seeing this, the Defendant said he was in colleague with the Juggler, to cheat and defraud the public; that he was concerned also with a banditti of robbers infesting the neighbourhood, and had robbed him a few nights before. On this the Plaintiff replied, and the Defendant immediately struck him in the face, beat

out

out two of his front teeth, and otherwise much bruised him.

This statement was confirmed by the evidence of one witness, an Attorney, who happened to be present during the transaction.

Mr. Mingay observed, he should not call any witnesses on the part of the Defendant, as he was of opinion the Jury saw the business in the light that he did, which was—a *Juggler* exhibiting his *tricks*, in order to *cheat* the gaping throng out of their pence; while an honest Attorney was taking notes of a drunken squabble, to shew *his tricks* in Westminster Hall. He trusted the Jury had found him out, and were of opinion, with him, that *one penny* was damages enough to give; and that the Plaintiff's witness, who was his real Attorney in the cause, though another name appeared on the record, might go home with his client, and part their gains.

The Jury gave a verdict for the Plaintiff—Damages *Forty Shillings*.

NEW DRAMA.

Deaf and Dumb; *or*, The Orphan Protected.

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE, *Feb.* 24.

THIS evening, this new Historical Drama, in five acts, was performed here for the first time. The principal characters were thus represented:

MEN.

Julio of Harancour (Theodore)	Miss De Camp.
Darlemont - - -	Mr. Wroughton.
St. Alme - - -	Mr. C. Kemble.
Franval - - -	Mr. Barrymore.
De l'Epee - - -	Mr. Kemble.
Dupre - - - -	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Pierre - - - -	Mr. Palmer.
Dominick - - -	Mr. Suett.

Servants—Mr. Trueman, Mr. Chippendale, and Mr. Maddocks.

WOMEN.

Madame Franval -	Miss Pope.
Marianne - - -	Mrs. Mountain.
Claudine - - -	Mrs. Sparks.

This interesting piece is a translation from the German of Kotzebue, adapted to the English Stage, by Mr. Kemble. It may be considered an handsome compliment to the humane institution established at Paris, for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, of which fame has spoken so highly. Of the merits of the establishment the following description, given by the Abbe de l'Epée, the Founder of the Seminary, may afford some idea. "If the peasant," says he, "feels delight when he beholds the abundant harvest which rewards his industry; judge what must be my sensations, when I stand in the midst of my pupils, and see how the unfortunate beings emerge by degrees from darkness; how they become animated by the first beam of heavenly light; how they step by step discover their powers, impart their ideas to each other, and form around me an interesting family, of which I am the happy father." An institution such as this must be a fruitful source of anecdote, and accordingly we find the author has, in the present instance, availed himself of one long familiar to the public, and not the less interesting from its being founded on fact. The fable is the simplest that can be conceived; but its simplicity is the simplicity of nature, and the most successful appeal to her force and influence. *Julio*, an interesting youth, born deaf and dumb, the orphan heir to the first Magistrate of Toulouse, is brought to Paris by *Darlemont*, his uncle and guardian,

guardian, and exposed in a mean attire. Here he is received into the Philanthropic Asylum for unfortunates of his kind, under the name of *Theodore*. His manners, so ill corresponding with the meanness of his dress, at once induce the discerning *De L'Epee*, to suspect that his pupil is the victim of fraud and injustice, and the quick intelligence of the youth soon confirms this suspicion. He accordingly sets out with him for the South of France, from some city of which his observations on the conduct of the boy lead him to conclude he has come. Arrived at Toulouse, the extravagant joy exhibited in the looks and gestures of his companion, satisfies the Abbe that he has reached the sought-for place. It is here the scene opens with a view of Toulouse, and *Theodore*, recognizing the habitation of his father, now usurped by his uncle.—His restoration to his fortune constitutes the interest or the plot, of which the means by which that end is accomplished form the principal ingredients. *Julio* recognizes the old domestics of his father, and is recognised by them in return. Proofs rise on proofs of his identity; but it is not until after a most obstinate resistance to their force that the uncle confessses his guilt, and restores his property to the injured *Julio*.

There is also an underplot, judiciously blended with the main story. It consists of the love of *St. Alme*, the son of *Darlemont*; but his reverse in disposition, for *Marianne*; all obstacles to which are removed by the generosity of *Julio*, whose first act, after he obtains possession of his fortune, is to settle half of it upon his cousin. From the recital of this story, the reader might not suppose it a source of great interest. It is therefore impossible to speak of it in adequate terms of praise, without the suspicion of over-rating its merits. We must, however, assert, that of all the productions of this celebrated author, which have yet appeared in an English garb, the present is equal in interest to any, and superior in purity of sentiment and moral to all. The ground which he has chosen, has the advantage of novelty, but it has also the disadvantage of being extremely difficult. Of this he seems to have been perfectly aware, for the *Abbe* tells *Franval*, the advocate, whom he engages in his pupil's cause, that "a person who is deaf and dumb, always creates distressing sensations;" and that he was therefore afraid the presence of his pupil might not be pleasing. With such a knowledge of his subject, Kotzebue must have been afraid that the infirmities of nature were dangerous subjects for theatrical exhibition. That the attempt has succeeded in the present instance, is owing to the great delicacy and skill with which it is managed. Perhaps too the manner in which Miss De Camp sustained the character of *Julio*, contributed not a little to its success. Her fine expressive countenance supplied the deficiencies of speech and hearing. The presence, therefore, of *Julio*, was interesting, but not distressing. In all the incidents and situations the author has been peculiarly happy: they are all of the most simple, natural, and domestic kind; they are such as come home to men's business and their bosoms; they are such as they may every day see in the families of others, and tremble for in their own, connected and embellished with all those affecting scenes which render injured innocence doubly interesting by the helplessness of its situation, and all those sentiments of humanity which flow from the peculiar nature of the subject.

The adaptation of this Piece to the

the English Stage does not appear to have been a difficult task. It is one, however, which is executed with great care, taste, and judgment. Except that the portrait of *Julio* is more relied on as a principal proof of his identity, all the other incidents are the same as in the original. The characters and the plot also suffer no variation; but in the language, and the turn of the sentiment, there are many alterations, all of them improvements.

The humane, philosophic Abbe *De l'Epée*, was well sustained by Mr. Kemble; and Mr. Wroughton, in the proud and guilty *Darlemont*, was uncommonly energetic and impressive. Mrs. Mountain, in *Marianne*, the heroine of the piece, had a gentle, delicate part, of no great compass. She was in full voice, and executed a pleasing air allotted to it, with great sweetness: this charming air was composed by Kelly. All the other characters were supported with like success.

The Prologue, which stated the claims of the Piece to public favour on the grounds of novelty, and nature, was delivered with considerable feeling and judgment by Mr. Powell; and Miss De Camp, in the Epilogue, made some pleasing allusions to the recovery of her speech, and the grand charter of the sex.

The House was filled with an elegant audience, and the piece was heard throughout, and announced for future representation, with the most ardent and uniform approbation.

Melancholy Occurrence.

ON Saturday morning last, two soldiers, of the 3d Lancashire Militia, on furlough, travelling between Durham and Auckland, were so fatigued and distressed by the inclemency of the weather, that one of them, on entering a public house near Butcherraw, and warming himself by the fire, fell backward and expired. The other was found dead under the park-wall, near Auckland, by a butcher coming to Durham market.

EXPLANATION OF PLATE II.

Cherubim Shooting.

(An Etching, by Mr. Howitt.)

TWO Cockneys went on a shooting party to some little distance from Town, and were to sleep at an alehouse, and rise early to their sport in the morning.—Trudging to their quarters in the dusk of the evening, a large looking bird came sailing round the corner of a barn, at which one of them put up his gun; he shot, and the bird fell;—but, oh horror! what was the surprize and dread of him and his companion, when running up in a great hurry to pick up his game, he found a pair of full bright eyes in a comely round face, with a pair of snow-white wings extended, and fluttering in agonies?—Away they ran to the house, when the shooter instantly fainted; and, on the earnest enquiry of mine Host into the cause of their alarm, his fellow Sportsman, with a tremulous voice, cried —"Ah! poor creature! Heaven "forgive him!—But he has had "the misfortune—I am sure it was "unintentional—to shoot a Cherubim!"

However, as Boniface and his Hostler were not quite satisfied with this account, they took a candle and lanthorn to the spot and there found the supposed Cherubim to be only a poor unfortunate Owl.

Memoir

Cherubim Shooting.

Published March 1, 1801, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

Memoirs of Lord Rokeby.

(Concluded from page 174.)

ABOUT that period, he either formed the opinion, or began to express it with an unusual degree of confidence, that the Bank of England would break during his life-time. He was so firmly convinced of it in his own mind, that it became a pretty constant topic with him; and, when he met with opponents, he defended it with such strength of argument as could not easily be resisted. One day the conversation on this subject ended in a singular wager, which was taken down in writing, purporting that the heirs and executors of Mr. Robinson should pay to the other party, an alderman of Canterbury, the sum of ten pounds, if the Bank did not break during the life-time of the former; and, on the other hand, that the alderman should be similarly bound to pay the sum of ten pounds, if the Bank did break in Mr. R.'s life-time.— The proof was to depend on a 10l. Bank-note being offered at the Bank, and not producing in return ten pounds in specie. Every year added strength to the singularity of Mr. R.'s opinion, and he maintained it as firmly as another on a philosophical subject, which he defended with great vigour of mind, and, when past eighty years of age, supported by quotations from the classics, repeated with the utmost energy and classical taste—*The future destruction of the earth by fire.*— On this question, he solicited no aid from the arguments sometimes used in the pulpit on the same subject; for the path to his church was overgrown, and his pew left to the same decay as his coach-house. Yet this circumstance led to a trait in his character, which was better discovered by his own recital of the anecdote, than it can be by the pen of the writer.

A little time before the death of the archbishop of Armagh, he made a visit into Kent, to see his relations, and, among them, him who was to inherit his title. "The archbishop told me," said Mr. R. "that he would dine with me on Saturday. I gave orders for dinner, and so forth, for my cousin, the archbishop; but I never thought, till he came, that the next day was Sunday. What was I to do? Here was my cousin, the archbishop, and he must go to church; —and there was no way to the church,—and the chancel-door had been locked up for these thirty years,—and my pew was certainly not fit for my cousin, the archbishop. I sent off immediately to Hythe, for the carpenters, and the joiners, and the drapers; and into the village for the labourers, the mowers, and the gravel-carters. All went to work: the path was mowed—the gravel was thrown on and rolled—a gate made for the church-yard—the chancel-door opened and cleaned—a new pew set up, well lined and stuffed, and cushioned; and the next day I walked by the side of my cousin, the archbishop, to church, who found every thing right and proper. But I have not been to church since, I assure you."—This singularity, in abstaining from the places of religious worship, arose partly from the exalted view which he entertained of the nature of the Deity, whose altars, he used emphatically to say, were Earth, Sea, Skies; from the little regard he paid to the clerical or ministerial character; and from the disgust in his mind at the stress laid by Divines upon trifles, their illiberality in wishing every one to rely upon them for their faith, their frequent persecution

persecution of others, and from a strange opinion of the great inefficacy of their preaching. Religion he conceived to be a mere personal concern between the creature and the Creator: and the Supreme, in his opinion, was degraded by being made a party in questions often political, and on the mode of his existence being made a barrier between the natives of the same island. Yet, with these opinions, he could converse with the Clergy, of all descriptions, as freely as with other men; and, where they were men of liberal education and enlightened minds, was much gratified by the pleasure of their company.

In the year 1794, Mr. R. became, by the death of the archbishop of Armagh, Lord Rokeby; and it is natural to ask, What difference the title made in his manners?—Precisely none. He was now addressed by the title of Lord instead of Sir; and, as he used to say, they are both the same in the Latin. Yet the accession to his title gave him rights in Ireland; and his letter to Lord Castlereagh shewed that he was not unworthy of them, and that, if age and infirmities had presented no obstacles, the Irish House of Lords would have been dignified by the presence of a man who assumed for his motto, on this occasion, what he really possessed in his heart, *Independence.* Very fantastical notions accompany, in some persons minds, the titles of the peerage: they think of fine dress, splendid carriages, haughty demeanour, something differing from the many. Such persons were much embarrassed at the sight of Lord Rokeby;—a venerable man with a long beard, sallow complexion, furrows on his forehead, the traces of deep thinking, fore part of the head bald, from the hinder flowing long and lank locks of white hair, a white or blue flannel coat and waistcoat and breeches, worsted stockings, and shoes tied with black strings. The ruffles at his wrists, and the frill sewed to his waistcoat, were the only linen about him. His body was rather bent; but, till he was near his end, his pace was firm, and he was seen walking in this manner from his house to Hythe or back, or, which was more gratifying to his friends when they caught a first view of the house, walking up and down the pavement before his door.—"How can this man be a Lord?" said the vulgar. "Would to God more Lords were like this man!" said the man of sense. "I wish we were all as attentive to good-breeding!" said the man of fashion.

From the time of his accession to the title to the day of his death, Lord Rokeby seldom went farther from home than Hythe; but he would have thought that he had forfeited all regard to his principles, if he had not gone to Maidstone to vote for his friend, Filmer Honeywood, the staunch advocate for the independence of the county: and a contested election for the city of Canterbury drew him again from his retirement. This election took place just after the famous stoppage of the Bank; and, after a visit to his friends at the hall, and shouts of congratulation from all the freemen, he walked to the alderman's house, with whom the wager had been laid, proffered some notes for cash, presented the written agreement on the wager, and demanded of the alderman the sum of ten pounds.

The question, as might naturally be expected, staggered a little the alderman, who was also a Banker; and as the words admitted of some debate, and Lord R. had not with him

him documents of the refusal, at the Bank, of cash for a ten-pound note specifically proffered, the payment was deferred; and, whether it has been made, or not, the writer cannot determine.

On returning to the hall, Lord R. came again on the hustings, by the side which is appropriated for persons to return who have voted, and for the infirm and the friends of the candidates, or the officers of the court. The sheriff very politely offered to take here his lordship's vote, who with his usual good humour declined it. "I am not so old, neither," says he, "that I cannot do like the rest of my brother citizens!" and instantly went down the stairs, where he met an old man ascending, who had given him a vote nearly fifty years before, mixed with his brother citizens, went up the proper stairs with them, and gave the last proof of his political connection with Canterbury in a manner worthy of himself and his principles.

We might recount a variety of anecdotes expressive of his character, but the limits will not permit us; yet we must not pass over the subject of his food, which has been so much the object of enquiry and misrepresentation. He has been said to live on raw flesh, and to be, in short, little better than a cannibal. This was by no means the case; and to understand this, as well as the other parts of his character, we must look to his leading principles, *Nature and Independence*. He thought that this island produced within itself sufficient food for his nourishment. Wheat he considered as an exotic; besides, it was fermented: two reasons sufficient to expel it from his nourishment. Foreign coffee, for the same reason, was rejected; and he tried various experiments with burnt beans, peas, &c. Remarkably fond of sweet things, he used honey as a substitute for sugar. But it is to be observed, that he was not a scrupulous observer of his general rule; and when it was hinted to him that he was eating the crust of a pie, or similar things in the ordinary cookery, he turned it off with a good-humoured laugh, adding, "Where is the man that lives as he preaches?"—His appetite was remarkably strong, which he satisfied at times by boiled beef, or rather beef kept for a considerable time in boiling water; and his table was amply provided with every thing in season, exceedingly well dressed, and of which he partook, off a wooden platter, like any other person. He drank no wine; and he gave the best proofs of the excellence of his diet, by the length of his life. No one was more hospitable to his guests: they were desired to order just what they pleased; and, in return, were requested and expected to permit the host to eat what and when he pleased.

He never willingly omitted bathing a single day, and had made, for that purpose, a bathing-house of considerable length and breadth, glazed in front, to a south-eastern aspect, and thatched at top. This, probably, is the most comfortable bath-house in England, as, after bathing, you may run up and down to dry yourself, and do not feel that disagreeable cold common in the small elegant bath-houses of marble, where you freeze in cold magnificence. Lord R.'s bath-house was boarded and matted. In this bath-house, and a wood at a small distance from it, intersected with walks, and, at proper intervals, having wooden seats and benches, his lordship spent considerable time, frequently committing to paper his valuable reflections.

His memory was prodigious. In conversation

conversation, if any thing occurred which afforded room for difference of opinion, he would frequently run on the sudden to his library, bring back a folio or two, and point the passage on which the whole depended. He was a great reader, as well as deep thinker, and preserved the use of his eyes to the last. For writing, he very frequently availed himself of the help of an amanuensis.

In so singular a character, it is natural that persons little acquainted with it should make very erroneous conjectures. Covetousness was represented to be his prevailing feature: but this was not perceptible in his domestic arrangements, where, in every article of good living, there was superfluity; and his parlour fires of wood and coal, which would be sufficient for half a dozen common rooms, did not countenance the idea of a frugal disposition: besides, his conduct to his tenants (for there was no where to be found a milder landlord, and perhaps, indeed, he carried this propensity to indulge them to almost blameable excess) is a sufficient proof that his thoughts were not bent, with any degree of anxiety, on the acquisition of wealth. Yet he was tenacious of his property, when once it had come into his hands, and he made a joke himself of his fondness for a new guinea: but this may be accounted for from his idea of the nature of paper credit, and the firmness of our Bank; and the quantity of money found in his house, at his death, was the natural result of these opinions.—He was an excellent master and a good neighbour, just in all his dealings, of strict honour, firmly attached to the liberty of his country, of a most enlarged mind, a true free-thinker, and, with all the singularities in his dress and manners, he united to his love of Nature and Independence all the good qualities which constitute a perfect gentleman.

Cursing Enemies, offering Horses, &c. in Wales.

I Have heard (says Mr. Bayley) of a strange custom that prevails in some part of North Wales; which, no doubt, the Clergy study to abolish, as much as lies in their power.—When any person supposes himself highly injured, it is not uncommon for him to repair to some church, dedicated to a celebrated saint, as Llan Elian in Anglesea, and Clynog in Carnarvonshire, and there, as it is termed, to *offer* his enemy. He kneels down on his bare knees in the church, and offering a piece of money to the saint, utters the most virulent imprecations, calling down curses and misfortunes upon the offender and his family for generations to come: all which they have a firm belief will come to pass. Sometimes, instead of a church, they repair to some of the sacred wells that are dedicated to the saints. Mr. Pennant mentions his being threatened by a fellow, who fancied he had been injured by him, with "the vengeance of St. Elian, and a journey to his well to curse him with effect."

Some of these wells are in great repute for the cure of diseases, by means of the intercession of the saint. The saints are also applied to when any kind of goods are lost, and are made the instruments of recovering them, or of the thief who has stolen them.

St. George had formerly, in the parish of Abergele, in Carnarvonshire, his holy well, at which this British Mars had his offering of horses; for the rich were, at certain times, accustomed to offer one, to

to secure his blessing on all the rest. St George was the tutelar saint of those animals; and all that were distempered were brought to this well, sprinkled with the water, and had this blessing bestowed—*Rhad Duw a Saint Siors arnat!* "The blessing of God and St. George be on thee!"

In the churches, when the name of the Devil occurred, an universal spitting used formerly to seize the congregation, as if in contempt of that evil spirit; and whenever Judas was mentioned, they expressed their abhorrence of him, by smiting their breasts.

If a *Ffynnon Vair*, or Well of our Lady, or any other saint, was near, the water for baptism was always brought from thence; and after the ceremony was over, old women were very fond of washing their eyes with the water of the font.

Upon Christmas-day, about three o'clock in the morning, most of the parishioners assembled in the parish church, and after prayers and a sermon, continued there, singing psalms and hymns, with great devotion, till it was day-light: and if, through age or infirmity, any were disabled from attending, they never failed having prayers at home, and carols on our Saviour's nativity. The former part of the custom is still in some places preserved, but too often perverted into intemperance. This act of devotion is called *Pulgen*, or *The crowing of the cock*.—It has been a general belief, among the superstitious, that instantly,

> "at his warning,
> "Whether in sea, on fire, in earth, or air,
> "The extravagant and erring spirit hies
> "To his confine."

The Indian Sportsman.

Mr. Howitt has just put forth a very singular and highly interesting Prospectus of a series of Designs, to be intituled "*The Indian Sportsman*," and to be designed, drawn, and etched by himself. His account of the undertaking is as follows:—

THIS truly novel and interesting Work is now proceeding, under the care and direction of an Officer who has served upwards of Twenty Years in Bengal. It is admitted, by a number of Gentlemen who have resided there, to be a most faithful delineation, not only of the sports in general, but of the costume of the natives, as well as of the appearance of the country, &c.

Mr. Howitt intends this notice merely to ascertain how far he may hope to be patronised in so arduous and expensive an undertaking.—Judging from the high encomiums, and the subscriptions with which he has already been honoured, he flatters himself that its circulation will exceed his most sanguine expectations.

The Plates are all 18 inches by 13, and will be aqua-tinted and coloured in such manner as to imitate the Drawings as closely as possible; which, of course, must render them highly ornamental for furniture, as well as suited to the folio, or to bind in volume.

The whole will be published in pairs, with all possible expedition. Price, to Subscribers, Two Guineas per pair; payable on delivery.—Ladies and Gentlemen may subscribe for any number, or for any Plates they may select.

The following List of subjects now in hand is subjoined, that the Public may judge of the nature of the work. Mr. Howitt will do himself the pleasure to exhibit and explain, to those who may honour him

him with their commands at his residence, the several Drawings which are finished, and which are in the Catalogue marked thus *.—Those in a forward state, but not yet fit for exhibition, are marked thus †.—The whole of the Drawings are expected to be complete by the end of April; before which period some of the Plates will, in all probability, be published. The first impressions will be delivered to the earliest subscribers.

CATALOGUE OF DRAWINGS.

NO.

*1 Hunters going out in the Morning.
*2 Beating Sugar Canes for a Hog.
*3 The Chase after the Hog.
*4 Hog-Hunters coming by surprize on a Tigress and her Cubs.
†5 Hog chased thro' a Village.
*6 Hog at bay.
*7 The dead Hog.
*8 The Return from Hog-hunting.
*9 A Tiger prowling through a Village at Night.
†10 A Tiger seizing a Bullock in a Pass.
*11 Shooting a Tiger from a Platform.
*12 Driving a Tiger out of a Jungle with Elephants.
*13 Chasing a Tiger across a River with Elephants.
*14 The Tiger at bay.
*15 The Tiger springing on an Elephant.
*16 The dead Tiger.
*17 Shooters coming by surprize on a Tiger.
*18 A Tiger hunted by Wild Dogs.
†19 A Tiger killed by a poisoned Arrow.
*20 Shooting a Leopard from a Tree.
†21 Exhibition of a Battle between a Buffalo and a Tiger.
†22 Buffaloes rescuing a Calf from a Tiger.
†23 Hog-hunters chased by Buffaloes.
†24 Hunting a Buffalo.
†25 The Buffalo at bay.
†26 The dead Buffalo.
*27 Peacock Shooting.
†28 Duck Shooting.
†29 Snipe Shooting.
*30 Shooting at the Edge of a Jungle.
†31 Driving a Bear out of Sugar Canes.
*32 Death of the Bear.
*33 Hunting a Kutauss, or Civet.
*34 Jackalls rescuing a hunted Brother.
†35 Chase after a Wolf carrying off a Lamb.
†36 The common Wolf-trap.
*37 Smoking Wolves from their Earths.
†38 Digging out a Fox.
*39 The Ganges breaking its Banks, with Fishing, &c.
*40 Killing Game in Boats, at the Inundation of an Island.
†41 Doreeahs, or Dog-keepers, leading out Dogs.
†42 Sices, or Grooms, leading out Horses.
†43 Running a Hog-Deer.
†44 The Hog-Deer at bay.
*45 Driving Game into Nets with Elephants.
*46 Driving Elephants into a Keddah.
*47 Koomkies, or Decoy Elephants, catching a Male.
†48 Koomkies leaving the Male fastened to a Tree.
†49 Rhinoceros attacking Horses at their Pickets.
†50 Rhinoceros bayed by Elephants.

N. B. With every Print will be delivered a descriptive Ticket, intended to be pasted on its back, when framed. A great variety of other subjects are sketched; but it is Mr. Howitt's intention to confine his labours, for the present, to those enumerated in the Catalogue.

MANNERS

Manners and Customs of the Welsh.

From Bingley's Tour round North Wales.

THE manners of the Welsh people have had many singular and striking features, from the earliest periods of their history. Driven into this obscure corner near fourteen centuries ago, they have, from the mountainous nature of their country, and their own dispositions, been ever since almost entirely excluded from all commerce with their neighbours, and prevented from settling any connections with them.—They, therefore, we find, prejudiced in favour of their own institutions, and their own customs, retained many of them for several centuries afterwards. From their seclusion they also contracted new and different habits, different modes of life, and many other customs, which remained long unknown to their neighbours; some of these have been transmitted to us by their historians.

Sylvester Giraldus Cambrensis, Archdeacon of St. David's and Brecknock, who, in the year 1187, travelled through Wales, his native country, with Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, to preach the crusades, has left us, though mingled with superstition, and many of those incredulous stories, which were common in those dark ages, a very accurate detail of the character of the Welsh people.

Pride of ancestry and nobility, were, he says, at that time, points held by them in the highest estimation; and so deeply rooted was this spirit, that even the very lowest of the people carefully preserved the genealogy of their families, and were able, from memory, to recite the names of their ancestors, for several generations.

They were keen in their resentments, and revenged most deeply any insult committed on their family. They were vindictive and bloody in their anger, and too prompt to avenge, not only recent injuries, but even those committed at very remote periods.

They did not in general reside in cities, villages, or camps, but led solitary lives in the woods. On the borders of their forests, the lower class formed their dwellings, by twisted ozier coverings, suited to the different seasons of the year, but with as little art as expence.

They had no beggars in their whole country, for their hospitality was extended to every one.

They esteemed liberality, and particularly hospitable entertainments, as preferable to every other virtue. By a mutual return of civilities, this habit was so common, that whenever a traveller entered a house, upon delivering his arms to the guard, some of the domestics brought a vessel of water to him; and such was the custom, that if he suffered his feet to be washed, he was considered as a lodger for the night. The offering of water was their mode of invitation; but, if he refused their kindness, he was considered only as desiring a morning's recreation.

The strangers who arrived in the morning were entertained through the whole day, and till the evening, with the conversation of young women and the music of the harp, for almost every house was provided with both of these; from whence it appears, says Giraldus, that this people were not, like the Irish, given to jealousy. Every tribe or family possessed the skill of playing upon the harp beyond any kind of learning; and the Welsh excelled, in the wit and ingenuity of their songs, and extemporaneous effusions of genius, all the other Western nations.

In

In the evening the strangers being all assembled, an entertainment was provided for them, according to their number and rank, and according to the ability of the host. The kitchen was not loaded with much profusion, nor with delicacies, or with incentives to gluttony; nor had they tables, table linen, or napkins; nature was always studied more than splendour.

The guests were placed by threes at supper, and the dishes were placed on green and fresh rushes. They had also thin and broad cakes of bread, that were always baked the same day.

At the same time that the whole family, with a kind of emulation in their civilities, were waiting on their guests, the host and hostess in particular, always remained standing, that they might overlook the whole, and see that none of the dishes were taken away, till every one had finished; so that if any one had not sufficient, it might be his own fault.

When the hour of rest approached, a large bed of rushes, thinly spread, and covered with a hard and rough cloth, the produce of the country, was ranged lengthways along the sides of the room. On this they all laid down together, in the same dress they had worn during the day, which consisted of a shirt and small cloak. The fire was always kept burning at their feet during the night; and either when they found themselves starved, or the bed uneasy, from its hardness, they hasted to it, to seek a remedy against those inconveniencies; then, returning again to their bed, they alternately presented one side to the cold, and the other to the hardness.

Both sexes of this nation took particular care in preserving their teeth. These they kept perfectly white, by continually rubbing them with a green hazel and a woollen cloth; and what tended much to their preservation, they invariably abstained from every kind of hot food, using only such as was cool and temperate.

The men, who were chiefly occupied in military affairs, shaved their beards, leaving only a whisker on their upper lip. The youth went by clans and families, with their chief at their head; and they were so prompt in the defence of their country, that they were permitted to enter the houses of every person with the same security as their own.

In the time of Howel Dda, Howel the Good, about nine hundred years ago, and near three hundred before the time of Giraldus Cambrensis, the royal mansion consisted merely of a noyadd, or hall; an ysdasell, or parlour; and a bywythy, or buttery; an ysdable, or stable; a cynhordy, or dog-kennel; and an ysgubaur, or granary; an odyn, oven or bake-house: a tybychan, or little-house; and a hundy, or bed-room.

The fire-pan was of iron, and the fuel of wood; and the bed was only of straw, as it continued to be, even in the royal bed-chambers of England, till so late as the conclusion of the thirteenth century.—The King's own dress was a mantle and tunic, shirt, breeches, shoes, stockings, and gloves, and a cap of skins.—The Queen's was nearly the same, differing only in her having fillets under her cap.

The great officers of the court were, Penteulu, the Mayor of the Palace; Effeirad-teulu, the Domestic Chaplain; Y Dysdain, the Steward of the Household; Penhebogydd, the Head Falconer, or Master of the Hawks; and Brawdur Llys, the Court Justiciary; Pengwasdrawd, the President of the Grooms; Pencynydd, the Chief Huntsman;

Huntsman; Gwas Dysdein y vrenhines, Steward of the House to the Queen; Effeirad y vrenhines, the Queen's Chaplain; Barddteulu, or the Court Poet: Gosdegwr, or the King's Serjeant, who had to command silence in the King's hall, at dinner, by striking on a particular pillar; Drysawr y neuadd, the Door-keeper of the Hall; Drysawr Yr Ystasell, the Door-keeper of the Chamber; Pencenydd, or the Master of the King's Hounds; Meddwyd, or the King's Cellarer; Meddyg, or the Physician to the Household; Trulliad, or the Butler; Drysawr, or the Porter, who had to provide straw for all the beds, and to kindle all the fires in the Court; the Cog, or Cook; the Cantrwllyd, the Curator of Lights; Morwyn Ysdasell, the Chambermaid; Gwastrawd Arwyn, the Groom of the Rein to the Queen.

In this establishment we see the head of the falconers, the chief of the grooms, the poet laureat, and the cook, all ranked immediately among the great officers of state. Such a precedence was naturally given them in a Court, generally devoted, as all originally were, and as in all illiterate ages ever will be, to the pleasure of the feast, and the diversions of the chace.

In the absence of the King, the authority of the Court was vested in the Domestic Chaplain, the Steward of the Household, and the Judge of the Palace, conjointly.

Their different ranks of society were, Brenin, or Teyrn, the King; Twysog, or Duke; Jarll, or Earl; Arglwydd, or Lord; Barwn, or Baron; Uchelwr, or Squire; Gwrcang, or Yeoman; Alltud, or Vassal; and last of all, the Caeth, or Slave.

The King had reserved to him, the right of commanding every person to join his army; and once a year, if it were necessary, to go with him out of the country; but, in his own country, he had the power of calling them together whenever he pleased.

The Welsh people are naturally inquisitive and curious, but this is by no means a circumstance peculiar to this country. In all wild and unfrequented parts of the world it is the same, and it is only in such parts of Wales that this disposition is most observable. Dr. Franklin has told us, that this curiosity prevailed so much in America, that when he travelled in that country, if he only wished to ask the road, he found it expedient to save time by prefacing his question with—"My name is, Benjamin Franklin—by trade a printer—am come from such a place—and going to such a place; and now—which is my road?"—In all travels, through unfrequented countries, we find it very common; and, from the inquisitive dispositions of men in general, where novelty lays such hold upon their attention, it would seem strange were we not to find it so.

They are much inclined to superstition.—But in all countries, there are weak and foolish people; in England, many of our peasantry are ready to swallow, with the most credulous avidity, any ridiculous stories of ghosts, hobgoblins, or fairies. In Wales it is more general, and the people are certainly more credulous than the generality of the English.—There are very few of the mountaineers, who have not by heart a whole string of legendary tales of those disembodied beings.

The Roman Cavern, in Llanymynech-hill, called Ogo, has been long noted, as the residence of a clan of the fairy tribe, of whom the villagers relate many surprising and

and mischievous tricks. They have listened at the mouth of the cave, and have sometimes even heard them in conversation, but always in such low whispers, that their words have been never distinguishable. The stream that runs through it is celebrated as being the place in which they have been heard to wash their clothes, and do several other kinds of work.

These busy little folk seem to be somewhat allied to what are called *knockers*, which by the Welsh are believed to be a species of aerial beings, that are heard under ground, in or near mines, who, by their noises, direct the miners where to find a rich vein. The following extraordinary account of them, is from a letter of Mr. Lewis Morris, to his brother, Mr. W. Morris, Comptroller of the Customs at Holyhead, dated October 14th, 1754. I will make no comment upon it, and only preface it by observing, that Mr. Morris was a very learned and sensible man, and a person whose judgment is esteemed of great weight by every one who has been either acquainted with him or his writings.

"People who know very little of the arts or sciences, or the powers of nature, (which, in other words, are the powers of the author of nature) will laugh at us Cardiganshire miners, who maintain the existence of *knockers* in mines, a kind of good-natured impalpable people, not to be seen, but heard, and who seem to us to work in the mines; that is to say, they are types, or forerunners of working in mines, as dreams are of some accidents which happen to us. The barometer falls before rain or storms. If we did not know the construction of it, we should call it a kind of dream, that foretells rain; but we know it is natural, and produced by natural means, comprehended by us.—Now how are we sure, or any body sure, but that our dreams are produced by the same natural means?—There is some faint resemblance of this in the sense of hearing: the bird is killed before we hear the report of the gun. However this is, I must speak well of these *knockers*, for they have actually stood my very good friends, whether aerial beings, called spirits, or whether they are a people made of matter, not to be felt by our gross bodies, as air and fire, and the like.

"Before the discovery of Esgair y Mwyn, mine, these little people, as we call them here, worked hard there day and night; and there are abundance of honest sober people, who have heard them, and some persons who have no notion of them or of mines either; but after the discovery of the great ore, they were heard no more.

"When I began to work at Llwyn Llwd, they worked so fresh there for a considerable time, that they even frightened some young workmen out of the work. This was when we were driving levels, and before we got any ore; but when we came to the ore, they then gave over, and I heard no more talk of them.

"Our old miners are no more concerned at hearing them *blasting*, boring holes, landing *deads*, &c. than if they were some of their own people; and a single miner will stay in the work, in the dead of night, without any man near him, and never think of any fear or harm they will do him; for they have a notion that the *knockers* are of their own tribe and profession, and a harmless people who mean well. Three or four miners together shall hear them sometimes, but if the miners stop to take notice of them, the *knockers* will also stop; but let the miners go on at their own

own work, suppose it is *boring*, the *knockers* will go on as brisk as can be, in landing, *blasting*, or breaking down the *loose*; and they were always heard, a little from them, before they came to the ore.

"These are odd assertions, but they are certainly facts, though we cannot, and do not pretend to account for them. We have now very good ore at Llwyn Llwd, where the *knockers* were heard to work, but have now yielded up the place, and are no more heard. Let who will laugh, we have the greatest reason to rejoice, and thank the *knockers*, or rather God, who send us these notices."

An intelligent friend of mine informs me, that those noises, the *knockers*, as they are called, have very lately been heard in the parish of Llanfihangel Ysceifiog, in Anglesea, where they continued at different intervals for some weeks. In accounting for these noises it has been observed, that they probably may have proceeded either from the echo of the miners at work, or from the dropping of the water; but these seem by no means sufficient, if Mr. Morris's assertion be true, that while the miners are going on with one kind of work, they are going on with another: while for instance, as he says, the *miners* are *boring*, they are *blasting*, the former certainly cannot be true, and the blasting entirely puts the latter conjecture out of the question, for droppings of water could never produce any effect of that kind. As I am only acquainted with the subject from report, I am under the necessity of leaving the elucidation of these extraordinary facts to some who have better opportunities of enquiring into them. I have only to express a hope that the subject will not be neglected, and that those who reside in the neighbourhood where they are heard, will enquire into them carefully, and, if possible, give to the world a more accurate account of them than the present.

(To be continued)

The Patent Organ.

IN the drawing-rooms of people of fashion, organs are now introduced upon a new principle.—They are made in the form of a commode, with a marble top: in the front, brass wire doors, with green silk curtains. Each organ has twelve tunes, which, when set agoing, will play through the whole without further assistance. The pipes are much superior to the generality of those articles; the sounds are soft and full of harmony. The plan upon which they are introduced is as singular as novel; the organ is placed in such a position, as to give music to two rooms at once by the following ingenious contrivance:—In the drawing-room it is a fixture over the convex mirrors, and on it are placed *or moulu* girandoles, &c. candelabras are set on each side; a communication is cut through the floor; a pipe is there introduced from the organ, which extends through the ceiling of the eating parlour below, and there it appears in the shape of a gilt trumpet. To give additional effect to the deception, a transparent lamp is suspended from the trumpet, by four gilt chains, and that is not without its use, being the means of giving additional light to the sideboard placed underneath.

The elegance of the article, the peculiar melody of its tones, and the singularity of the plan upon which they are introduced, make much noise in the fashionable world, as it is a most *unique* and tasteful

 appendage

appendage to the apartments of the great and opulent.

A Civil Action.

A Few nights ago, as Mr. —— was sitting in his study, reading some papers, in which he was requested to give an opinion, the servant announced an unknown gentleman, with some papers, which he had brought from a client of Mr. —— for his perusal. By the time that the stranger had drawled out his pretended message, the servant had retired. When instantly the bundle of law was changed for more forcible arguments, and a pistol presented at Mr. ——'s head, extorted from him his money. The sharper was civil and prepared to take his leave, prudently walking off with one of the silver candlesticks to *light himself* down stairs.—No sooner was he out of the room, than the gentleman rang the bell violently, and a servant running up to answer it, met the impostor, who, with infinite presence of mind, told him, that it was only to let him out, but that to save him (the servant) trouble, he had taken the candle to let himself out. There was no farther occasion for it, and he would therefore lay it down. The servant let him pass, and he escaped.

Matrimonial Battery.

A Cause extremely interesting to the rights of married ladies was discussed at the County Dublin Sessions the 19th of January last, in the prosecution of Elizabeth Quinn, against Robert Quinn, her husband, for assault and battery. After much argument on the case, the Chairman strenuously recommended the prosecutrix to settle amicably with her husband, and return to her family. The counsel for the defendant, to induce such compromise, offered, on the part of their client, to settle on her three hundred pounds, in case she should survive her husband, and enter into security of one thousand pounds, never more to molest her, on returning to the loving and penitent affections of her tender husband. The lady modestly alledged the risk of her life in cohabiting with him; and her Counsel tendered a proposal of a separate maintenance, as the condition of dropping the prosecution. The trial was then adjourned, *sine die*, to consider of the terms of accommodation—in the mean while the lady remains under proper protection, to secure her safety.

Tim Tape's Journal.

"Instructs the fiery steed, and trains him to his hand."—Add.

THOUGH the noble art of Horsemanship was sedulously cultivated among the antients, I much doubt if it ever attained that perfection which it has at present acquired. Alexander tamed the fierce Bucephalus; but I am inclined to think he could not have bestrode one of our Sunday hacks, with half the ease and elegance of attitude exhibited by those gentlemen, who have studied under the immortal Gambado. Innumerable have been the feats performed on horses with *four* legs; but it was reserved for the present enlightened age to make those go that possess but *three*; nay, so wonderful has been our improvement that I have even known a journey of seven miles accomplished in two hours! and that on a steed, which, in

in the jockey phrase, hadn't *a leg to stand on*.—Oh! the persuasive powers of whip and spur!

I was induced to these reflections by a walk which I took last Sunday on the Highgate road; where, whilst admiring equestrian exertion in its highest excellence, I picked up the following paper, which, after the correction of a few orthographical errors, is now submitted to the perusal of my readers:—

"Rose at seven—Spent an hour in balling doe-skins, colouring boot-tops, &c. &c.—Stupid boy had lost one of my spur-leathers—obliged to use packthread—Got to the stable by nine—Spurs wrong put on—Gave ostler a pint of beer to alter 'em—Mounted on the off-side in such a hurry, that, losing my balance, I pitched over head foremost into the horse-trough—Got out half suffocated: wig so wet, was forced to take it off and dry it—Stable-boys laughed, dogs barked, I swore; but at length, being mounted by the help of a step, set off, and reached Tottenham-Court Road without any material accident, except that a hackney-coach splashed me all over—*N. B.* Took his number.—Whilst paying the turnpike, dropped my glove—afraid to get off, for fear of not being able to mount again, so rode on, putting my naked hand in my pocket.—*Mem.* It's genteel to sit easy.—Just by Mother Red-Cap's, horse made a trip—pulled at him with all my might, but, breaking, the rein, fell backwards, and came to the ground with my foot in the stirrup—Luckily, horse was no run-away—Mended the rein with my garter, and led my horse till I came to a mile-stone, where with some difficulty I remounted—Finding that I should be too late for the ordinary, squared my elbows, turned out my toes, flourished my whip, stuck in the spurs, and away I trotted—By the time I had gone a mile, found myself very sore, though I rose in the stirrups at least a foot every second—however persevered, and by two o'clock reached Highgate Hill, at the bottom of which, as the Devil would have it, the saddle turned round, and down I came once more.—To compleat my misfortune, the girth (for there was but one) broke; so, with the saddle on my back, and leading my horse, I fagged up the hill, and at length reached the inn, followed by all the rabble of the place.—After dinner, discovered I had lost all my money by my fall—Obliged to leave my watch for the reckoning.—Girth being mended, I mounted about eight in the evening; but, being dreadfully galled, borrowed a crown of the landlord, and giving it a man to take my horse home, returned to Cheapside in the stage, delighted with my ride, and the pleasures of the country!

"*Sunday night.* Tim Tape."

Should Tim Tape be inclined to make any more of these excursions, an account of his adventures cannot fail to amuse the public.

Valcour.

On Perfection *and* Imperfection.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

Do we not frequently hear of such a character as a *perfect blockhead?* And are there not men who can talk (I will not say when or where) for an hour together, the most *perfect nonsense*; nay, and publish the said perfect nonsense, too, in the very teeth, and in open defiance, of Messieurs the Monthly Critics

Critics and Reviewers? But this is not all: I have heard, since the commencement of the present war, that some men high in authority (I do not say in what country) have, more than once, committed a *perfect blunder*, to the great detriment of the nation.—I do remember some lines illustrative of this kind of perfection, that were written many years ago, which, if the *rhime* may be pardoned, are no bad illustration of our modern opinions of perfection. They were written in a tavern—

> "The poor have some things perfect, some the rich:
> And here's our landlady, a perfect ——!"

How egregiously was Pope mistaken, when he asserted, that

> "Whoever thinks a *perfect* work to see,
> Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be!"

Strange that a man, who knew the world as he did, should hazard such a contradiction in terms. What would he have said, had he lived in our days, and beheld the various instances of perfection with which we are surrounded?—Beheld some who had attained a *perfect* knowledge of the *cheese line*, others *perfect* in the *manual exercise*—some restored to *perfect* health by a single pill, and others *perfectly blind* from their infancy—some *perfect* in the *Latin* and *Greek*, and others in the management of a *dairy*—some who have attained a *perfect friendship*, and others who have made considerable progress in a *perfect hatred*. But I check my pen, lest you should suppose I was not so *perfectly correct* in my ideas of what space ought to be allowed for the lucubrations of, Your's, &c.

OXONIENSIS.

P. S. I was very much shocked, on going into the Clarendon Printing-Office the other day, and hearing about several *bundles of the Imperfections* of the Bible. I always thought that one of the *most perfect* of books, although of the *old school*.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THE VETERAN TAR.

A New Operatic Farce, called *The Veteran Tar*, (the Music by Dr. Arnold, the Drama by his son) was peformed, the first time, on Friday the 30th of January.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

Tom Sturdy, -	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Philip, -	Mr. De Camp.
Doctor Gossamer,	Mr. Wewitzer.
Farmer, -	Mr. Suett.
Henry, -	Mr. Trueman.
Tom Clueline, -	Mr. Chippendale.
Ben Bowling, -	Mr. Webb.
Margery, -	Mrs. Sparks.
Lisetta, -	Miss Stephens.
Cicely, -	Mrs. Mountain.

Chorus of Sailors and Villagers.

STORY.

A cutter is wrecked on the coast of England.—Near the shore is a village inhabited by good peasants of different ages, married and unmarried, merry and out of humour, following their labours, and enjoying their simple pleasures, plagued by a conceited apothecary, a *Dr. Gossamer*, who insists on surfeiting them all with his physic. A Farmer's family, consisting of the *Farmer* himself, his wife *Margery*, and his daughter *Cicely*, are selected from among the rest to perform conspicuous parts in the piece. A happy new-married couple, *Henry* and *Lisetta*, are the only others of the villagers brought forward into the action. *Tom Sturdy* presents himself as the late commander of the cutter, and, in his own supposition, the only survivor of the shipwrecked crew. He laments his gallant messmates, and is miserable

able for the loss of his son *Philip*, among them. The villagers console and entertain him. He searches for his son; and resolves to divert his sorrow by going again as soon as possible to sea. His son, in the mean time, presents himself, as having escaped to the rocks of the shore, near where his father is in search of him. They meet, and joyfully recognize each other. The son meets also with the Farmer's daughter, *Cicely*, falls in love with her at sight, and quickly wins her affections. His father disapproves his passion, as incompatible with the fearless, careless, adventuring spirit of a Tar. The *Apothecary* is his rival with *Cicely*; and the *Farmer* will not have his child to marry a wandering Sailor. A French privateer alarms the coast, and threatens the village. *Philip*, joined by his messmates, (who were supposed to have perished) puts out to sea, boards the privateer, makes her his prize, and returns in triumph. By this gallantry, he reconciles all parties to his marriage with *Cicely*. The piece thus ends with the general triumph and happiness of all the characters, except the ridiculed and disappointed *Apothecary*.

The chief merit of this piece, is its adaptation to the state of the country at the present moment, and its tendency to animate the patriotic feelings of Englishmen. If there is nothing new in the Fable or the Characters, there is a vigour and spirit in the Dialogue, which is, in that respect, above the ordinary run of such compositions. Many of the sentiments are noble, and yet appropriate: none of them are extravagant, and most of them are impressive.

As it was necessary to diversify the characters, the author has introduced, among his Seamen, a *Farmer* and a *Doctor*; but the scenes, in which the two latter are engaged, are by no means so well conceived as those which relate to his honest Tars. Those characters, however, though less efficient, give the others a more forcible influence by contrast.

Several of the patriotic effusions were warmly received by the audience, particularly one which imported that the English Tars would soon exert their prowess on the French, the Swedes, the Danes, and the Russians.

The piece was very well sustained, particularly by young Bannister, who played the *Veteran Tar* with admirable force and feeling. Young De Camp also distinguished himself very well. Suett made as much of his part as it admitted; and Mrs. Sparks was successful in the *Farmer's Wife*: her *rustic run* very much diverted the audience.

Mrs. Mountain sung delightfully, though, considering the situation of the part she sustained, a little more simplicity would have been more characteristic.

The piece was received with great applause by a crowded and a loyal audience, who seemed to glow in sympathy with every patriotic sentiment; and it was announced for the ensuing evening with a hearty consent.

The Drama itself was written by Mr. Arnold, the son of the respectable composer, Dr. Arnold, who furnished the Music, which is altogether highly creditable to his taste, science, and genius.

The following Songs were all encored:—

SONG.—CICELY.

YES, I'll die an old maid, if a man I can't find
That my fancy has pictur'd as quite to my mind—
His heart shall be open, his countenance too,
And lib'ral his hand—or he never will do!

Ia

In short, to convince me he's this thing
and that,
My heart, when I see him, must bounce
—pit-a-pat.

I care not for cash, or for acres in store,
With a man that I love I can never be
poor!
Nor with one I detest, can I happy be
made,
Tho' I flaunted in sattins, in silks, and
brocade!
In short, I'll ne'er wed in this world, and
that's flat,
Tillmy heart says—"that's he!" with
a bounce—pit-a-pat.

DUET.—Lisetta and Cicely.

Hark, hark! the village bells delight-
ful sound,
In cadence sweet they die along the
vale;
Now lowly murmuring o'er the broken
ground,
Now loudly swelling on the travelling
gale!
Hark! how they echo round the rocky
shore;
Now, soft they steal responsive on the
ear;
Now, caverns deep rebellow to the roar,
In sounds harmonious, audible and clear.

SONG.—Cicely.

When storms are sunk to rest,
And thunders roll no more,
The Sailor's heart, how blest,
Who seeks his native shore!

That shore, where many a fair
His cheering spirit warms;
All crowd his smiles to share—
Snug moorings follow storms!

Then rage, ye faithless winds!
Ye foaming billows roar!
The Tar a welcome finds
Upon his native shore.

Though tempest-tost at sea,
Ashore affection warms:
All sailors creeds agree—
Snug moorings follow storms.

SONG.—Lisetta.

The Sailor who ploughs the salt wave,
Far absent from love and from home,
Tho' he fears not a watery grave,
Yet he sighs from his charmer to roam.
Tho' the tempest howl loud o'er the main,
Yet he fears not the wind's dreadful
roar;
For those winds will soon waft him again
To the arms of his Nancy ashore.

SONG.—Tom Sturdy.

Odds, life! when a Sailor gets bother'd
with love,
He's all one as a ship without rudder or
sails,
That the roaring of buffeting billows must
prove,
And must drive at the mercy of thun-
d'ring gales.
His cargo's afloat, all his masts by the
board,
A sheer-hulk, without ballast, she hea-
vily moves:
"Helm a-weather!" he whimpers; he
sighs, "his ador'd!"—
"Belay, boys!"—A lubber, he pipes
out "he loves!"

But see him tight-rigg'd, and for duty
agog;
A light-hearted, jolly, brisk crew man
the shrouds;
He springs upon deck, he distributes his
grog,
Pipes all hands from below, and his
light canvas crowds;
No thoughts cross his mind, but of drub-
bing our foes.
The proud flag of Britain in triumph
unfurl'd,
A signal, a breeze boys, three cheers, and
he goes,
Takes his prize—and is priz'd by a
wond'ring world.

The Monseers love to dance, let 'em dance
o'er the main,
With Mynheer and the Don; tho' they
'scape a salt dip,
Why the French we'll soon teach how to
dance back again!
And tho' t'others can't *dance*, we'll soon
teach 'em to *skip!*
Let our navy be ready, with canvas un-
furl'd;
For when England is threaten'd, we al-
ways are ready;
And our dear little England defies all the
world—
To our King and our Country, still
steady boys, steady!

Lisetta,

Lisetta, Cicely, and Henry.

High on a rock, by ocean lash'd around,
Britannia sits upon her well fix'd throne;
Views the vast main, and bids her waves resound,
And calls unmov'd the vast expanse her own.
Bids the swoln waters heave their angry heads,
Securely smiling 'mid the bellowing deep,
Drives back the wild waves to their billowy beds,
Till winds are hush'd, and storms are lull'd to sleep.

Arundel Castle Described.

Arundel Castle, which is said to confer upon its owner, by the mere fact of its possession, the Earldom of Arundel, is now receiving such repairs and embellishments, as must render it the chief of ancient residences in England. Perhaps no other building of equal date has been retained in a habitable condition, without having its appearance, and the style of its construction, in some degree perverted by additions and alterations inconsistent with the taste of the age in which it was built. Arundel Castle, on the contrary, is but maintained and continued by its present exterior improvements, vast as they are; the design of the original founder is still obeyed; the new walls have risen upon the ancient model, and correspond with the old ones in solidity of fabric, as well as dignity of ornament. The successor of the Montgomerys, the Albeneys, and the Fitz-Alans, has respected their taste, and that of the ages in which they here held dominion over their ample territories. An entire new front of massy stone differs from the others only in exhibiting the insignia of the Howards, mixed with those of their predecessors. In raising this front, the duke has taken an opportunity to enlarge the house, and appears to have gained the space now occupied on the basement story, by a long range of servant's offices, including a new kitchen, with two fire-places, and grates twelve or fourteen feet long. A new dining-room, or rather hall, on the principal floor, is also in this part of the building. The floor of this apartment is not yet fully laid, nor the walls stuccoed, but a skirting of mahogany has been run along them, to the height of four feet, and a music gallery at the bottom is complete. This is one of rhe most sumptuous and appropriate of the interior improvements. It is constructed entirely of mahogany, richly carved with the foliage of the oak and the vine, and is supported by solid pillars of the same valuable material, embraced by similar ornaments. A beautiful marble chimney piece also displays some bacchanalian imagery; but this is intended to be removed, being of a shape somewhat too modern for the style of the apartment, the stucco of which will be a deep brown. The prince, it is said, will be present at the first dinner that *warms* this room. But of all the modes of liberal and dignified expence displayed in this mansion, that which is peculiar and distinguishing, is the use of the richest mahogany in almost every decoration, and for purposes to which ordinary wood is thought sufficient in the finest houses. Thus the walls, being more than six feet thick, form a kind of frame for each window, which is five feet deep on the inside; and the whole of this spacious case, not excepting the top, is lined with mahogany of more than an inch in thickness. The window-frames which hold the magnificent plate-glass panes, three feet each in height, are of course of the same material; and the solid mahogany doors are held

held in cases, which the thickness of the inner walls renders, perhaps, four feet deep, all lined with pannels of the most beautiful grain. It was once intended to floor all the best rooms with this costly wood; but, when it was tried in one apartment, the effect was found to be too gloomy.

Eccentrick.

Anecdotes of German Authors, and Authoresses, residing at Weimar, in Saxony.

VON GOTHE, privy counsellor to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, intendant of the ducal mines, of the theatres, of the Academy of Painting, &c the Apollo of the German Parnassus, has attained in his political, as well as literary career, a splendid eminence. Göthee is a native of Frankfort. When the Duke of Weimar passed through that city on his way to Darmstadt, to be betrothed to a Hessian princess, he became acquainted with young Göthe, then already resplendent with the rays of glory reflected upon him, from his "Werther," and his "Götz von Berlichingen." He had, about that time, written against Wieland's review of the Alceste of Euripides, a satyrical farce, entitled, "Gods, Heroes, and Wieland." Wieland answered the Frankfort satyrist in the same style. The duke, who was no stranger to the warfare carried on by the two poets against one another, asked Göthe if he had no commission to his good friend in Weimar, or whether he would not rather go there himself, to finish the contest in a personal interview? Göthe answered, "if you will make something of me in Weimar, I shall most willingly go thither."—"It shall be done."—"But you must make me something worth the while."—"That too shall be done."—The young poet accordingly accepted the duke's offer.

The tumultuous genial epoch, which, on his arrival, commenced at Weimar with walking on stilts, horse-racing, skating, banquets where the guests drank out of skulls, cudgelling, boxing, and other wild pranks and overflowings of a genial humour, and thence spread, together with the fashion to dress *à-la-Werther*, like a whirlwind over all Germany, is sufficiently known and decried. Lessing immortalized this stormy period, by the following energetic and characteristic saying, "If any one," exclaimed he, "call me a *genius*, I shall give him so severe a box in the ear, that he will believe there were two of them." The madness had at last risen to such a height, that poor Lenz, who afterwards died insane in Russia, when his unlucky stars led him to Weimar, into the midst of the whirlpool, broke out into these disgusting words, on seeing some cow-dung lying in the sun: "What bliss to be a cow-t—d basking in the sun!"—There was such noise, bustle, and stamping, after the new genial fashion, that the then yet sober, prosaic ground of Weimar, quaked and smoked, and the timid nymphs of the Ilm took refuge in their grottos. The rage for theatrical exhibitions, in particular, was indulged to a great excess. The duke and his courtiers acted on a private stage the satyrical farces of Göthe, before the chief inhabitants of Weimar. The age of Aristophanes, and of the old comedy in Athens, seemed to have returned. Every one laughed at the follies and failings of his neighbours, which were here held forth to public view; and unexpectedly found his own exhibited in his turn. Many

allusions

allusions in Göthe's earlier plays, which were afterwards published with many omissions, but still so that many passages stand in need of a secret key to disclose their meaning, cannot be explained, except by referring to the history of that period of geniality. Thus, for instance, he then wrote an imitation of the Birds of Aristophanes, which was acted on a small stage at one of the duke's hunting seats. At that time too he produced his *Faust*, or the Adventures of a Necromancer, who is at last carried off by the devil. The greater and most interesting part of these high entertaining and festive productions is not yet printed. Many of the plays were exhibited in the woods and valleys; every place near and around Weimar was consecrated to the service of the Comic Muse; and the surrounding country every where exhibits the ruins of that golden age of mirth and genius. They endeavoured to draw Wieland into the vortex of wild tumultuous diversion; but the mild Wieland shuddered at their break-neck fêtes and pranks: and, in consequence, he had the mortification to see himself, a few days after, exhibited on the stage in the most ridiculous costume.

But soon these wild ebullitions of youthful spirit subsided; and a dignity and manliness succeeded, which rendered Göthe the more worthy of esteem. It is said that then, and even at a later period, he possessed an almost magic power over the affections of the fair sex; and that, however, no woman could boast to have held him, either as a youth or a man, enslaved in the fetters of her charms. He still converses with the ladies in that easy and dandling playful manner with which we are wont to treat children; and even now, the ladies emulously either hate or love him. Göthe is of opinion, that the wings of genius would be hindered from expanding by the too strict domestic bonds. His ideas of women are most strongly expressed in his last novel, entitled, *Wilhelm Meister*, in which the pretty Philinna, is his heroine, and in his Love Elegies, which are written with all the voluptuous fire of a Propertius, and have been again reprinted, last year, in the seventh volume of his works. Göthe has acted perfectly consistent with these notions, in never marrying. He cannot, however, be accused of licentiousness in his amours; and gives a very proper education to his only son, whom he had by his housekeeper, a Demoiselle Vulpius.

In the mean time, our poet, equally the favourite of Fortune and of the Muses, rapidly rose from dignity to dignity; he now appeared like a beneficent genius at the side of the duke, over whom he possessed the most unbounded influence; and few things of importance were done, which were not either planned or executed by the new minister. When he went to Italy, he resigned the management of *part* of the numerous affairs connected with his high office, that he might have the more leisure to dedicate to the Muses. Even at present, however, his Sovereign does nothing without previously consulting him; and in the campaign against the French, in 1792, Göthe was obliged to accompany him to the army.

The external appearance of this great man, forms a striking contrast with Wieland's: that of the latter full of mildness, modesty, and friendliness; and that the former indicating pride, arrogance, and defiance. But through this forbidding outside, there shines forth a firmness and elevation of character, to which no one, on a nearer acquaintance, can refuse his esteem.

 Göthe,

Göthe, like Wieland, entertains no very high opinion of mankind in general; only it would seem, that what is merely disgust in the latter, is become in the former a settled habit of contempt. To him, mankind appear interesting but only in one point of view, namely, as furnishing a subject for the exertion of his poetical talents.

Jena is the favourite abode of Göthe's muse. In the castle of that place, our poet often resides and pursues his studies for weeks together; probably, because he can there enjoy undisturbed peace and tranquillity, which is denied him at Weimar. His Iphigenia was composed in a wood near Weimar, which particularly recommended itself to him, when, in the moments of inspiration, he sought for solitude. On the wall of the hermitage, whence came forth the Iphigenia, the following verses were inscribed by Göthe, and may still be read there:—

"Ueber allen Wipfeln ist Ruh!
In allen Zweigen horst du
Keinen Hauch!
Die Vögel schlafen in Walde,
Warte nur, balde
Schläffst du auch!"*

In his person, Göthe exhibits the fullness and rotundity of health and good living: he is a true Epicurean god, up to the neck, which supports a Platonic head. Wicked wits have said of him, that he poetises best in the banqueting-room; but, according to his own confession, it is in the lap of Beauty. Göthe interests himself with enthusiasm for the improvement of the fine arts, especially painting; to which the *Propyläen*, published by him, bear honourable testimony. Many of the best artists now living at Weimar (as, for instance, Krause, who is president of the academy of painting, Horny, and others) owe their first establishment there, and after success, chiefly to his fostering patronage. The Italian Muses, whom he has several times visited in their own charming country, have decorated his house with their choicest gifts. Göthe possesses a mind extremely eager after knowledge: he loves, and, as far as he can, pursues the study of all the sciences. He has formed himself by the contemplation and enjoyment of the beautiful, and by the constant endeavour to see and investigate every thing himself—the character of great and original writers in every branch of literature.

To enable us to pronounce a proper judgment on the merits of Göthe, we must distinguish three periods of his life, and of the therewith intimately connected emanations of his genius. The first is the boisterous stormy period, which closes with his "Clavigo." Many passages of "Wilhelm Meister," however, which were then already written, are stamped with the same character—as likewise the noted *Xenien*, or biting epigrams on most of the German authors and learned societies, which appeared in Schiller's Poetical Almanack for 1797. The second period comprehends his Iphigenia, his Tasso, his Egmont, and other mature works of his genius, which then received the highest classical polish in Rome, Naples, Sicily, where he lived four years. It closes with his idyllic poem, entitled "Hermann and Dorothy." —The third period, in which he at present is, is that of the arts. The mighty creative Genius now seldom swings his flaming torch on high: in his stead has succeeded the imitative and reasoning Muse. During this

* Calmness reigns o'er the tops of the trees! not a breath is heard among the branches!—The birds are asleep in the grove—wait but a little while, and thou too sleepest."

this latter period, Göthe has given a modern metrical dress to the old satyrical poem entitled "Reynard the Fox;" and lately, he has fitted for the German stage, several of Voltaire's tragedies. He now instructs us in the laws of the fine arts, in his *Propyläen,* a periodical publication, whose excellence will not be wholly comprehended till some later period. Most praiseworthy is the prize-exhibition for the works of German artists, which he two years ago, out of his own pocket, instituted at Weimar. The candidates for last year's prize sent, from various parts of Germany, twenty-seven pictures, which were for fourteen days exhibited to the Weimar public.—Further information relative to this prize-exhibition may be found in the *Propyläen,* of which six numbers have appeared.

(*More of the Literati of Wiemar in our next.*)

MISCELLANIES.

PREACHERS.

MANY a man (says Dr. South) would have made a very good pulpit, who would have made a very bad figure if he had been put into it himself.

SUNDAY SPORTS.

IT is a singular circumstance, that an act, allowing dancing, &c. on a Sunday, should have passed in the reign of Charles I. who, his greatest enemies must allow, had at least every exterior of religion; and that an act for keeping holy the Sabbath-day should be passed in the reign of Charles II. who, his best friends must acknowledge, had no more religion, nor regard to its forms, than one of his own coach-horses.

Account of two Centenarians,

Extracted from a Literary Journal of 1740.

THE pictures of two Centenarians are brought to Compeigne.

The first is the picture of John Rovin, aged 172, and Sarah Dessen, aged 164: they were born in the Banyat of Temeswar, in Hungary, where they still live. They have been married near 147 years, and have two sons and two daughters living: their youngest son is 116 years old, and has two great grandsons, one 35, and the other 33.

The second picture is that of Peter Zorton, a peasant in the same Banyat, who died Jan. 25th, 1724, aged 185. His youngest son is still living.

Opposite Consequences from the same Cause.

SPILLER, the Comedian, for whose benefit Hogarth engraved a ticket, was, about the year 1720, in such estimation, that he had what was then deemed a very handsome salary; but, had it been double what it was, his improvident disposition and unbounded extravagance (especially in his amours) would have kept him poor—and very poor he was. With his poverty he was frequently reproached, and once with some severity by a female performer, who, having a good person and a very *tender* heart, contrived to make a figure with a very inferior salary. Of this she boasted, and asked him—*Why he could not manage in the same way?* "Madam," replied the irritated performer, "*Madam, that which makes you rich, keeps me perpetually poor!*"

HUMOUROUS

Humourous Ceremony of Decosse, in use near Calais.

ON Midsummer-day in particular, a festival is observed by the inhabitants of this country, to which they give the appellation of *Decosse*. This ceremony bears a strong resemblance to the wakes which are celebrated in Ireland. Mark is a little village about two leagues distant from Calais; its appearance is mean and wretched: the only thing in it worthy of notice, is its church, which is passable for a country church. Every village has some particular saint for its patron, on the anniversary of whose day, the inhabitants have merry meetings; the people of the village, and the peasants who inhabit the country adjacent, invite their friends to these; these friends are likewise at liberty to invite as many of theirs, as they think proper. I happened to be admitted into one of these companies by a second invitation, and must acknowledge, that the peasant and his wife shewed more civility to me, than to him that invited me: I observed the same distinction made with regard to others, in the same case with myself. This instance of country politeness does not require a comment. As soon as the company was all assembled, the good woman of the house brought in a large pewter dish, into which she poured a bottle of brandy: she then put a large pewter spoon into the dish, and then began at the right side, by presenting the dish, with the brandy and spoon in it, to a gentleman who was acquainted with the custom. I was particularly attentive to observe what was to be done with this dish of brandy; he took up a spoonful of the brandy, and drank the healths of all present: this every body present was obliged to do in his turn, which proved rather disagreeable to me. This ceremony being over, she presented every body present with a piece of cake, big enough to serve a plowman, but it would have given great offence to have refused. Then the company retired, some to walk, some to dance, according as their inclinations led them, till such time as dinner was ready. Their manner of dining is one of the oddest ceremonies I ever saw in my life. The cloth was laid on two old crazy tables, with a plate for each person, or one for every two of the guests. The same economy was observed with respect to chairs and forks, but there was but one knife at the table, and that was for him that had the office of carver. It would be considered as a breach of decorum for any lady, or any person belonging to the family, to undertake this office. The ladies were first accommodated with seats, and every thing else which was to be had at this extraordinary entertainment; but the guests of the other sex were so entirely neglected, that they were obliged to shift for themselves as well as they could; except the ladies compassionately condescended to lend them part of what they had taken possession of. Each guest was obliged to find his own knife; such as had none, were obliged to wait till their neighbours had done, in order to borrow theirs. Thus were we obliged to manage at this country entertainment: and in all my life, I never met with any thing more ludicrous, or that made me laugh more, than what I saw in this day's excursion, especially the brandy and dinner. The strangers were accommodated with wine; but the friends and acquaintances of the peasant were obliged to put up with beer. Dinner being over, the peasant's wife entered with a cake, and what the French call a

Tarte.

Tarte. The former was tolerably good in its kind, but the latter was quite disagreeable to all the English present, as well as to myself. It is made of a kind of sour cream, covered over with a piece of dough which has leaven in it. The French are so fond of this cake, ordinary as it is, that they defer eating till it is brought in. We were regaled next with *creme bouilli*, or boiled cream; the ingredients which enter into the composition of the *beverage* are sour cream, eggs, and milk hot from the cow, with a little rennet; we were served with it in pans, with a spoon to sip it, and sugar was given to such as chose it. I found this *beverage* agreeable enough; it is a good refreshment upon a hot summer's day. The dinner, upon these occasions, consists of soup and boiled meat, with a third course of roast meat, which is generally veal.

When dinner is over, and all things removed, the fidler is introduced. I shall give the reader as particular a description as possible of this ball, as he may likely be curious to see one of these *Decosses.* If he should, I would recommend it to him, to endeavour rather to see it at a farmer's house, than a public house; as it is to be seen in its perfection in the former, but not in the latter. The ball was opened by the gentleman who had carved for us at table. He took a lady out to dance; and, as soon as he had walked a minuet with her, led her back to her seat, and requested the same favour of another lady. As soon as he had danced a minuet with the second lady, he sat down, and she chose a partner for herself. The example of the first gentleman is followed by all the rest of the company in their turns. With regard to the dance, I must here give a friendly caution to those who may happen to be present at one of these country entertainments. Let your partner be ever so disagreeable, you must, by no means, offer her your hand, till she thinks proper to give you her's, and put an end to the minuet. In the second place, you are upon no account to dance with your wife at one of these ceremonies: and lastly, let who will ask you to dance, you are by no means to refuse. This would be looked upon as a high instance of ill manners, and an affront to the company in general. My reason for giving the first caution is, that a person's giving his hand to his partner would be considered as a sign of his being tired of his partner, and desirous of shortening the minuet. This would not fail to give great umbrage to the peasant who entertains you, who would look upon it as a demonstration that you think his friend unworthy of your company. With regard to the second caution, your taking your wife, looks like a symptom of jealousy, and shews, that you think no lady present a suitable partner for you. With regard to the last caution, the reason of it is, that, at these meetings, all the guests are upon a footing; and, as the peasant treats both his friends, and the friends of his friends, you must not take exception to any one person, as that would affront both him and his friends. In case the weather happens to be fine, they dance without door; if it happens to be windy or rainy, within. Upon this occasion they make the greatest parade of finery that they possibly can, and do all possible acts of charity. The poor flock in crowds to the ceremony, and, let their multitude be ever so great, they are all made to eat and drink; none are sent away empty.

Upon the 29th of June, which is St.

St. Peter and St. Paul's day, a *Decosse** is celebrated in the *Basse Ville*; but it is not like the ceremony above described; it is conducted in a much genteeler and more polite manner. It is not remarkable enough to require a particular description; but the curious traveller may depend upon meeting with amusement even here. What is most worthy of observation at this ceremony is, the ancient custom of Shooting at the Bird, of which I shall here subjoin a circumstantial account.

CURIOUS CEREMONY OF SHOOTING AT THE BIRD.

FIRST, those that are to be the marksmen, march from the places where they had paraded. They march in ranks two by two, with some of the principal inhabitants at their head as officers; after the officers, comes a man carrying the bird that is to be shot at. It is placed at the top of a stick, and over it a sheet of tin, six or eight inches distant from the bird. This tin is placed over it in order to render the mark more conspicuous to the view. This figure of a bird which is to be shot at, is made of iron, and in size about as big as a sparrow. The marksmen march through the *Basse Ville* till they arrive at the place where the bird is fixed up to be shot at. This place is on a common, or, as the French term it, *La plaine*. When they arrive here, the governor, general commandant, grand major, or some of the principal officers belonging to Calais, cause the bird to be fastened to a spindle with the sheet of tin over it. This spindle is driven into a pole about twelve or fourteen feet long, which pole is fastened to the blade of a wind-mill, and put into a perpendicular position, by turning the blade round. The governor, or whatever person of quality happens to be present, is obliged to shoot at it first. The peasants that are candidates for the prize, afterwards shoot at it in their turns, and they then continue to shoot till such time as some one amongst them has knocked it off the spindle. Whenever any of the candidates hit any part of the bird, the drum beats; but he that has the good luck to knock it off entirely, is rewarded with a pair of white gloves, and a silver cup. This he hangs to his button-hole by a red ribband, and is honoured with the first place in the procession when it marches back again. The order of the procession at its return, is the same as has been described above; drums beating, colours flying, &c. during the whole time. The peasant that wins the prize is honoured with the title of King of the lower town till that day twelvemonth, and is exempt from paying all taxes during that year. He is entitled to many other privileges and exemptions. He cannot be compelled to do the King's work, or repair the high roads; nor is he liable to have any soldiers quartered on him. The perpendicular height of the mark, including the pole and the blade of the wind-mill, from the plain place where the peasants shot from, which was a hollow, could not be less than fifty yards high. Every person was obliged to shoot with a single ball, and an equal charge of powder. I will frankly acknowledge that I never met with persons of an equal dexterity at shooting; for notwithstanding the smallness of the mark, and its great distance from them, few or none of them missed the sheet of tin, and many of them hit the bird itself.

So great is the antiquity of this custom, that you can hardly meet with two persons in this country

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hat are agreed with regard to its first institution. The only account any way satisfactory that I ever received of it, was given me by an old gentleman that resides there. He told me, that he remembered having met with an account of its origin, which was as antient as Baldwin's time. He gave me to understand, that the intention of this prize annually, was to encourage the peasants to become marksmen; and that the prize was confined within the limits of *la Basse Ville*, or the lower town, as it still continues to be. This is the only account of the origin of this ceremony, which carries with it any appearance of probability; I shall therefore content myself with this, and not trouble my readers with the other fabulous accounts which I have heard of the origin of this antient custom. The ceremony being over, the inhabitants and their friends adjourn to their houses, where the rest of the day is spent in eating and drinking, and the night in dancing; so that upon this occasion the peasants indulge their genius, and seem to conform to the precept of Horace,

> Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
> Pulsanda tellus——

It is but doing the people of this country justice, to acknowledge, that they neglect no means in their power to promote the pleasure and general satisfaction of their company. This is to be understood only of private houses; for, with regard to the manner in which these ceremonies are conducted in public houses, I am an utter stranger to it, as I never had the curiosity to visit any of those places. During the summer season there scarce passes a week but the ceremony, called *Decosse*, is celebrated in some of the villages in the neighbourhood of Calais.

An Eccentric Dog.

THE following recent advertisement is among the eccentricities of the day.—To be disposed of, a handsome, well proportioned Dog, four years old, twenty-six inches high; is between a mastiff and Newfoundland. This valuable animal possesses every desirable quality peculiar to his species; he has saved four men from drowning, is a most excellent watch-dog, and his sagacity is such, though poison has been laid in his kennel several times, he refused the same; added to which, his ferocity and watchfulness at night are such, that he killed two robbers in the Isle of Wight, who had the temerity to attack his master's house.

Also, a true-bred Game Cock, two years old next month, his equal not to be met with; his sire has won twelve battles.

The cause of their being sold is on account of their master's going abroad.

Both warranted to answer the above description.

Peculiar Winter Diversions ~~in Russia Described.~~ of the Russians

SOME of their amusements are peculiar to the climate. One of the chief is that of riding in a light open sledge for pleasure, which is very common, because very agreeable when the weather is not too severe. Skating may be mentioned as another; but the weather is often too severe for that, and therefore it is by no means so general in Russia as in milder climates, such as Holland, Germany, &c. But of all the winter diversions of the Russians, the most favourite, and which is peculiar to them, seems to be that of sliding down a hill. They make a track on

on the side of a steep hill, mending any little inequalities with snow or ice; then at the verge of the hill, sitting on a little seat not bigger than, and much resembling a butcher's tray, they descend with astonishing velocity. The sensation is indeed very odd, but to myself, for I often had the curiosity to try it, I cannot say it was agreeable; the motion is so rapid, it takes away one's breath: nor can I give an idea of it, except desiring you to fancy you were to fall from the top of a house without hurting yourself, in which you would probably have some mixture of fear and surprize. The Russians are so fond of this diversion, that at Petersburgh, having no hills, they raise artificial mounts on the ice on the river Neva, for the purpose of sliding down them, particularly on holidays and festival seasons, when all the people, young and old, rich and poor, partake of the sport; paying a trifle to the persons who constructed the mount, each time they descend.

I call this peculiar to Russia as a diversion: for though it is practised at the place known by the name of the Ramasse, the descent of Mount Cenis to Lanebourg, which in some seasons of the year is in a state that admits of travellers sliding down it in the same method, as is described in most books that treat of the Alps, yet this may be considered rather as necessity or convenience than merely amusement.

The late Empress Elizabeth was so fond of this diversion, that, [illegible] her palace of Zarsko Zello, she had artificial mounts, of a very singular construction, made for this purpose. These have been called, by some Englishmen who have visited that country, "The Flying Mountains," and I do not know a phrase which approaches nearer to the Russian name. You will observe that there are five mounts of unequal heights; the first and highest is full thirty feet perpendicular altitude; the momentum with which they descend to this carries them over the second, which is about five or six feet lower, just sufficient to allow for the friction and resistance; and so on to the last, from which they are conveyed by a gentle descent, with nearly the same velocity over a piece of water into a little island. These slides, which are about a furlong and half in length, are made of wood, that they may be used in summer as well as in winter. The process is, two or four persons sit in a little carriage, and one stands behind, for the more there are in it the greater the swiftness with which it goes; it runs on castors, and in grooves to keep it in its right direction, and it descends with wonderful rapidity. Under the hill, is a machine worked by horses for drawing the carriages back again, with the company in them. Such a work as this would have been enormous in most countries for the labour and expence it cost, as well as the vast quantity of wood used in it. At the same place, there is another artificial mount which goes in a spiral line, and in my opinion, for I have tried it also, is very disagreeable; as it seems always leaning on one side, and the person feels in danger of falling out of his seat.

They are able also to go out a hunting; and as the country abounds with game, it furnishes a large part of their provisions during the seasons when they are permitted to eat it; for the fasts of the Greek church, taken together, interdict animal food full half the year. The method the common people use in hunting is with snow shoes, which are nothing more than a piece of wood half an inch thick, five or six feet long, and about four inches broad,

broad, turned up at the end, which they fasten at the bottom of their feet, and by means of them they run, or rather skate over the snow with a pole in their hands, faster than the hare or any game they pursue, which are apt to sink in.

They enjoy also the profitable diversion of fishing, notwithstanding the water's being covered with ice; and one manner of it with a drag-net, is very particular, though I doubt if I shall be able to describe it so as to give you an idea of it. There is a hole about four feet by two cut in the ice, to let down a common drag-net; opposite to this, at the distance they mean to pull up the net, is another hole, about four feet square: they then cut a number of small round holes at about four yards distance from each other in a circular form, from the hole where the net is let down, to that where it is taken up. At the ends of the two strings, that is, the upper and lower strings which drag the net, long poles are tied: these poles will reach from one round hole to another, where they are directed and pushed under the ice, as they swim at the top of the water, till they come to the biggest square hole, at which they draw them out, and by this means the net, inclosing the fish it has surrounded; for the upper part of the net is floated at the top of the water under the ice, and the lower part of it sunk by leads, in the same manner as when the river is open: the ingenuity of the operation consists in the contrivance of dragging under the ice.

Court of Common Pleas, Feb. 14.

Sittings after Term before Lord Eldon.

A Horse Cause—Lemon *v* Ferguson.

THIS was an action to recover somewhat above Sixteen Pounds, stated to be the amount of the sum due for the work and labour of two horses for one month, and for other expences necessarily incident during that period.

It was alledged on behalf of the plaintiff, that these horses were hired by the defendant at a particular sum for a year, that, at the end of a month, they were returned to him without any sufficient reason, and that he was therefore entitled to recover for the time they had been employed. To substantiate his case, a number of witnesses were called, who deposed that the horses used by the defendant were capable of undergoing any moderate degree of work, and that the charges made by the plaintiff were not more than were fair and just, at the time the transaction took place.

In addition to this, one witness was produced, whose testimony went to prove that the defendant, on a particular occasion, had given him authority to say to the plaintiff, that he would pay his account, as the plaintiff might be useful to him in buying or selling horses.

On the other hand, the defendant avowed that the contract expressly admitted, that he should have the power of returning the horses, and getting them exchanged for others, if they were not found on experience to be adequate to his service. On this principle he had taken the horses with him to Cheltenham, and from his experience on this journey of their being unable to perform his work, he had returned them to the plaintiff. At the time that this complaint against the sufficiency of the horses was made, it was further contended, that the plaintiff had agreed to exchange them, though, at a subsequent period, he refused to do this, unless a considerable addition was made to the sum specified in the contract.

To prove these allegations, four witnesses were called. The evidence of two of these witnesses particularly respected the insufficiency of the horses to perform the journey to Cheltenham; and the testimony of the others referred to the promise made by the plaintiff, to supply the defendant with such horses as would be sufficient for performing any work in which he should have occasion to employ them.

After Lord Eldon had summed up the evidence, and explained the law of the case with very great ability, the Jury retired for an hour and a half, and then brought in a verdict for the plaintiff—*Forty Shillings.*

BOXING COMBATS,

And the Humanity of the English Character,

Described by a French Traveller, in 1763.

WHATEVER is not an immediate infraction of the public peace, or has no tendency to endanger the liberty or lives of the citizens, does not fall under the cognizance of the Police; which, of consequence, leaves full liberty to the combats that frequently happen at London, between the lower sort of people, and sometimes between persons of condition, who, by way of recreation, chuse to engage in a bruising match.

The mob are the supreme judges of these combats; and they have traditional laws, the first of which is, that the combat is to last till one of the parties acknowledges himself conquered, either by begging for quarter, or lying upon the ground without stirring, and rejecting the assistance of the spectators, who are always ready to raise the vanquished.

These combats are managed by blows with the head and fisty-cuffs. These bruisers, when they enter the lists, take off their clothes, and often even strip themselves to the skin: it is but politeness in an Englishman to act in this manner, when he has a foreigner to contend with. The combatant shews thereby, that he is not afraid of blows, and that he has nothing upon him that can either ward them off, or deaden their effect.

This species of combat is, no doubt, congenial to the character of the English. It has always been practised in England, and from thence adopted by the inhabitants of Bretagne in France, who have constantly retained it, and still practise it with certain modifications. It was a genteel diversion amongst Englishmen of the first rank. In the famous interview between Francis the First and Henry the Eighth, at Boulogne, the latter one day took the King of France by the collar, and proposed wrestling to him: the challenge being accepted, Henry gave the French monarch two trips, which Francis recovered from, and laid the English King sprawling upon the ground, giving him (says Fleurange) a surprizing toss.

This taste is so inherent in English blood, that at Eaton, Westminster School, and other places of the same sort, the children of the greatest noblemen often challenge one another to combats of this kind, and box according to all the rules and punctilios of honour. "Why should I not fight?" said one of these boys to me. "Am I not a match for any other of my age? If I decline the combat, or own myself worsted in it, the rest of the boys will have an advantage over me ever after: my adversary will have a right to say, *I have beat that fellow, I am therefore his better.*"

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These young noblemen, notwithstanding, had never an opportunity of learning lessons and examples of this species of ferocity amongst the lower sort of people.

It extends even to women, at least among the vulgar. I saw, in Holborn, a woman engaged with a man, who, taking all sorts of advantage, flew at her with a rage of which the most frightful symptoms were conspicuous in his attitude and all the features of his face. Having struck her with his utmost force, he retreated back, and roused himself, by pouring out torrents of abuse, to return again to the attack. The woman, who appeared less furious than he, seized these intervals to fall upon his face and eyes with her hands. I was witness to five or six bouts of the combat; which surprized me the more, as the woman had, upon her left arm, an infant a year or two old, which was so far from crying out, as it is natural for children to do even in circumstances of less danger, that it did not so much as seem to knit its brow, but appeared to attend to a lesson of what it was one day to practise itself.

The Police takes no cognizance of these combats of individuals, which keep up the bravery of the people, but without fortifying their minds against the fear of sharp weapons. It allows men to revenge, upon the spot, an insult which they have not given occasion to. I once saw, in Parliament-street, one of the low fellows that infest the footpaths of that neighbourhood fall foul of a gentleman, who was passing by, give him the most opprobrious language, and even lift up his hand to strike him: the gentleman thereupon applied his cane so violently to the skull of the aggressor, that he fell to the ground insensible, and the gentleman very quietly walked on. I was given to understand, that the insult which he had received was entirely unprovoked, and that he would have had no prosecution to fear, even if he had killed the man.

Happening another time to be taking a walk in St. James's Park, I saw a tolerably well-dressed Englishman come into the middle of the mall, to attack a person who had the air of a foreigner, and wore a sword. He had the insolence to stand in his way, and, without touching him, made a shew of a few allonges at him in tierce and quarte. The foreigner, provoked at this behaviour, clapt his hand to the hilt of his sword; at which the Englishman instantly took to his heels. A lawyer, with whom I was then walking, assured me, that if the foreign gentleman had that instant run the fellow through the body, the insult he received was so public that he would have been in no danger from the law.

Murder is, nevertheless, looked upon in England as the greatest and most heinous of all crimes. The prepossession which the laws have established, in this respect, has so universally prevailed in the minds of men, that even highwaymen seldom go so far as to kill those whom they rob. As soon as the heat of the bloodiest revolutions subsides, this prepossession again coming in force, preserves the lives of persons who, in any other country, would, without mercy, be sacrificed to reasons of state.

Thus Richard Cromwell, Fairfax, and all the chiefs of the anti-royal party, survived the re-establishment of monarchy, and spent the remainder of their days unmolested. I was shewn, at court, the grand-daughter, or great grand-daughter, of Cromwell; a connection which is not so much considered as a mark of infamy, as it is of honour and distinction.

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The city of London, destitute of troops, guards, or a patrole of any sort, peopled by unarmed men, (for few wear swords, except physicians, and officers when they are in their regimentals) reduced in the night to the superintendancy of old men without arms, is guarded only by the divine commandment, *Non occides!* "Thou shalt not kill!" and by laws enacted against murder, severe and rigidly observed, without distinction of rank or persons,—whether it be that the law had some influence upon the character of the people, or that the national character facilitates the exact observance of the law.

London is the only great city in Europe where neither murders nor assassinations happen. This I found by experience, as far as it was possible for me to find it. Returning from the play house late at night, I chose, in preference to great streets, narrow passages, very indifferently lighted, like those which, at Paris, lead from the street of St. John de Beauvais to St. Michael's Place, through St. John of Latran, St. Benoit, and the Sorbonne. I told those who asked me the reason of my giving this preference, that I was desirous of knowing, by my own experience, whether it was fact that there were no assassinations in London; and I had, in this respect, as full and satisfactory information as I desired. Even in the most violent disturbances, when I was in the midst of the mob, I have seen them threaten weakly, plunder some houses obnoxious to them, throw a few stones, and, though surrounded by troops, remain in a kind of awe, as well as the soldiers, through mutual fear of the effusion of blood.

In a word, the people of London, though haughty and ungovernable, are in themselves good-natured and humane; which holds even amongst those of the lowest rank. This appears from the great care which they take to prevent the frays, almost unavoidable, amidst the eternal passing and repassing of carriages in the most frequented streets, some of which are exceeding narrow. If, notwithstanding the great care of the coachmen and carmen to avoid them, there arises some confusion and perplexity, their readiness to turn aside, to retire, to open, to lend each other a hand if there be occasion, prevents this confusion from degenerating into one of those bloody frays which so often happen at Paris.—Let us even add, to the honour of English coachmen, that I have seen four hundred coaches together, at Ranelagh, which placed themselves in a file, passed each other, and were always ready at the first word, without either guards or directors to keep them to order.

At public festivals, and all ceremonies which attract a crowd, let it be ever so great, children and persons low in stature are seen to meet with tender treatment; all are eager to make room for them, and even to lift them up in their arms, that they may have an opportunity of seeing. The passages and doors of the place, where the festival is celebrated, are guarded by persons who have no guns, partisans, or halberts for their arms, but long hollow staves, which, when they make use of them (a case that happens very rarely) make a great noise, and do but little hurt.

Rustic Simplicity.

The following whimsical circumstances, we are assured, have recently happened:—

A Farmer, not accustomed to large dealings, in the county of Chester, brought to Stockport market

market a quantity of oatmeal to sell; and an article which forms a great part of the subsistence of the lower orders of society, in that neighbourhood, soon found a purchaser. It being usual for the middle-man, as he is called, to pay in a good bill of two months, the bargain being struck, and the bill produced, the Farmer immediately raised an objection to take such a piece of paper for money; but an appeal to custom soon decided against him. However, not being perfectly satisfied, he applied to a Shopkeeper to have it put into cash, and was told it might be done for *ten shillings*; which he at length agreed to give, but was again astonished to find the *cash* was likewise composed of paper, commonly called *young Newlands*. An appeal a second time to *custom* obliged him to submit; but, still unwilling to be disappointed, he applied to another person to know if he could get these scraps of paper put into KING GEORGE's guineas, and was told, that, by paying *two-pence* each for them, that might be done. A third bargain was struck, at the expence of *eight shillings and four-pence*: but, just before he left the town, it came into his head that some of these guineas might be light, and that possibly they might not do so well for hoarding; he therefore had them tried in the balance, when, unfortunately for him, *twenty-three* were found wanting.—Here it was in vain urged, by his friends, that *custom* had rendered the weighing of gold quite useless in that neighbourhood; and he positively gave *eleven shillings and six-pence* in exchange for *twenty-three* that were full weight, and went home, after all these deductions, with more than *four times* the sum the same quantity of that article (oatmeal) would have produced to him two years ago.

OXFORDSHIRE SPORTING.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

The distinguished honour you did me, in inserting the Sporting Intelligence I troubled you with, induces me, as opportunity offers, to transmit you any matter, of the sporting kind, that occurs in and near this city and neighbourhood, worthy of recital in your celebrated Magazine. Your attention to the following will oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

Oxford, Feb. 7, 1801.

ON Friday, the 23d of January, a pack of Harriers, kept by subscription at Bolton, near Wheatly, Oxon, threw off in a turnip-field near the suburbs of this city, and, after beating it without success, were informed, by a man at work, of a Hare in her seat, in a thick hedge-row called Divinity Walk; proceeding to which, they started Puss, and clapping the hounds at her, she went off at a stile that beggars all description, taking them a ring of near six miles in circumference, through the parishes of Headington, Barton, Stanton, Garsington, Sanford Breaks, and across the river Isis, above Sandford Ferry: making a sharp turn to the right, she nearly made to Bagley Woods, but the staunch pack kept rattling so close to her that she, to avoid submitting, recrossed the river; and making for where she first started, she had nearly reached the spot, when she fell a glorious victim to the superior fleetness of her pursuers, after a fine chase of two hours and ten minutes. She is supposed to have run twenty-five miles, beating half the field the first hour's running; and ran in a most capital stile, as a cast-net, if thrown, would have nearly covered them most part of the chase.

For

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GLEANINGS.

Origin of Planting Yews in Church-Yards.

THE planting yews in church-yards (being places fenced from cattle) originally arose from an attention to the materials from which bows were made for archery; nor do we hear of such trees being planted in the church-yards of other parts of Europe.

GAMING.

GAMING had been introduced into England before the time of Edward the Fouth, as Chaucer speaks thus of it:—

"As hasard, riot, stewes and tavernes,
"Whereat, with lutes, harps and geternes,
"Thei dauncen, and plaien at *dice*, night and days."

And again,

"For in the citie, was there no pretense
"That fairer couth *castin a pair of dice*."

CHAUCER in the COOK's TALE.

IN the following reign (of Henry the Seventh) Caxton, in one of his Prefaces, addresses his readers—

"What do ye now, but play at dice?"

ISLE OF DOGS.

THIS island, opposite to Greenwich, obtained the name of the *Isle of Dogs* from the King's spaniels being kept there.—Edward the Third, in the twenty-first year of his reign, ordered the Sheriffs of Essex and Hertfordshire to build bridges in the neighbourhood of Waltham, that he might enjoy the amusement of Falconry. He also forbids any one hawking in those parts, without his special licence.

Feb. 11. J. J. B.

ESSEX COURSING.

THE last meeting, for this season, of the Bradwell and Tillingham Club, was held on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 4th, 5th, and 6th instant, when the following matches between the members were run, which afforded excellent diversion to the *amateurs* in Coursing, *viz.*

FIRST DAY.

1. Mr. Evans's *Jupiter* beat Mr. Williams's *Primrose*.
2. Mr. J. Tuffnell's *Princess* beat Mr. Wise's *Chace*.
3. Mr. Pattisson's *Dart* beat Mr. Wakefield's *Bashful*.
4. Mr. Tweed's *Fly* beat Mr. P. Wright's *Crazy*.
5. Mr. C. Parker's *Smut* beat Mr. Dudley's *Merlin*.
6. Mr. Pattisson's *Twist* beat Mr. P. Wright's *Windsor*.
7. Mr. Wakefield's *Blue Nose* beat Mr. Wilson's *Monk*.
8. Mr. Wilson's *Cheesecake* beat Mr. P. Wright's *Cayenne*.
9. Mr. J. Wright's *Fly Cap* beat Mr. P. Wright's *Ruby*.
10. Mr. J. Tuffnell's *Playmate* beat Mr. Wright's *Wonder*.
11. Mr. Dudley's *Trull* beat Mr. Wilson's *Gossip*.
12. Mr. Wakefield's *Dalilah* beat Mr. Dudley's *Merlin*.
13. Mr. Wakefield's *Sampson* beat Mr. P. Wright's *Katerfelto*.
14. Mr. Tuffnell's *Pickle* beat Mr. Wilson's *Monk*.

After which several *bye* matches were run.

SECOND DAY.

Winning Dogs of this and the last Meeting, being matched by lot, ran for the CLUB CUP, in classes, till they were reduced to a brace, whose final course determined the contest, *viz.*

CLASS

CLASS 1.

1. Mr. Pigott's *Driver* beat Mr. Wakefield's *Sampson.*
2. Mr. Pattison's *Twist* beat Mr. Wilson's *Cheesecake.*
3. Mr. C. Parker's *Dashaway* beat Mr. Tuffnell's *Playmate.*
4. Mr. Evans's *Jupiter* beat Mr. J. Wright's *Fly Cap.*
5. Mr. Dudley's *Madam* beat Mr. Tweed's *Fly.*
6. Mr. Dudley's *Friday* beat Mr. Pigott's *Helen.*
7. Mr. Dudley's *Miss* beat Mr. Wakefield's *Blue Nose.*
8. Mr. Wakefield's *Dalilah* beat Mr. Pattison's *Dart.*
9. Mr. Dudley's *Terling* beat his own *Trull.*
10. Mr C. Parker's *Pizarro* beat Mr. Tuffnell's *Pickle.*

CLASS 2.

1. Mr. C. Parker's *Pizarro* beat Mr. Dudley's *Madam.*
2. Mr. Dudley's *Miss* beat his own *Friday.*
3. Mr. Evans's *Jupiter* beat Mr. C. Parker's *Dashaway.*
4. Mr. Pigott's *Driver* beat Mr. Pattison's *Twist.*
5. Mr. Dudley's *Terling* beat Mr. Wakefield's *Dalilah.*

CLASS 3.

1. Mr. Pigott's *Driver* beat Mr. C. Parker's *Pizarro.*
2. Mr. Evans's *Jupiter* beat Mr. Dudley's *Terling.*
3. Mr. Dudley's *Miss*, as undrawn, ran a course single-handed.

THIRD DAY.

CLASS 4.

1. Mr. Evans's *Jupiter*, and Mr. Dudley's *Miss* a *dead course.*
2. Mr. Dudley's *Miss* beat Mr. Evans's *Jupiter.*
3. Mr. Pigott's *Driver*, as undrawn, ran with and beat Mr. Cawtro's dog *Ruby.*
4. Mr. Dudley's *Miss* beat Mr. Pigott's *Driver*, and consequently *won the* CUP.

After which some good *bye* matches were run; which terminated three fine days sport, and as sharp running as the oldest Coursers remember.

CYNOGRAPHIA BRITANNICA.

ON the blue paper cover of our Magazine for the present month, is advertised the First Number of a work, entitled, Cynographia Britannica, consisting of Coloured Engravings of the various breeds of Dogs, existing in Great Britain, drawn from the life, and coloured under the immediate inspection of Sydenham Edwards, with observations on their respective properties and uses, price Seven Shillings and Six-pence. Sold by White, Bookseller, in Fleet-street, &c. &c.

A publication so applicable to Sporting, could but excite our notice and curiosity. It is printed on fine wove Royal Quarto Paper, and two coloured Plates, given in this Number; first, the Newfoundland Dog; and secondly, The Beagle. The author might have said, *Dogs* and *Beagles*, as there are two of the former, and three of the latter. They are characteristically, naturally, and tastefully drawn. The subject commences with an introduction, and which we shall take the liberty of here presenting to our readers.

" In the following pages I propose to give a more satisfactory account of the Dogs found in England, with their uses, habits, and appearance, than has hitherto been offered to the public.

" The description of each kind is accompanied with a figure delineated from the living animal, which has been attended with great trouble and expence, as it was necessary,

cessary, for the correctness of the work, that each portrait should be carefully made from some distinguished individual Dog of each particular breed: and, in the execution of the portraits, much study and attention has been paid, to represent as strongly as possible, the peculiar character and manners of each respective race. Thus far I may venture, perhaps, without incurring the charge of ostentation, to speak of the nature of my labours; the rest is submitted with the greatest deference to the judgment and indulgence of a discerning public.

"The descriptive part is occasionally interspersed with some account of the Dogs formerly used in this island, which have been superseded by others more useful, or better suited to the wants or fashion of the times, as may be exemplified in the Blood-hound which was commonly in use at a period, when, as an emblem of war, our restless ancestors pursued the wild boar, wolf, or red deer; on mountainous wastes or wilds, covered with forests and thick underwoods, he was employed to trace the wounded game to its concealment, and the midnight thief, or blood-stained robber, to his secret cave. When our country was cleared, the larger game was destroyed, or only preserved in the parks of our nobles; and the thief, or robber, found a surer protection in the crowded city, than the solitary glen: the services of this animal being no longer useful or necessary, he is lost to us, or suffered to degenerate and sink into obscurity.

"In like manner the mechanical arts have superseded the use of the Turnspit; and the introduction of new kinds, with various modes of protecting property, the Mastiff, and other breeds, once frequent, are for similar reasons lost. It would be a matter of great curiosity, could their history be pursued to periods more remote; as we might, from the Dogs in use, deduce the sports and character of times past; but for this I lament the want of satisfactory materials.

"The Dog may be considered as not only the intelligent, courageous, and humble companion of man, but he is often a true type of his mind and disposition; the hunter's Dog rejoices with him in all the pleasure and fatigues of the chase; the ferocious and hardy disposition of the Bull-dog, may commonly be traced on the determined brow of his master: nor does the Dog of the blind beggar look up to the passing stranger, but with suppliant eyes. Always the ready and affectionate servant, an excellent companion when human society is wanting, the faithful and incorruptible guardian of his master's person and property.—'Dogs are honest creatures, they never fawn on those they love not, and I'm a friend to Dogs.'—England has been long eminent for the superiority of her Dogs and Horses, now preferred in almost every part of the world. Whether this superiority arises from the climate, or from the pains taken in their breeding, education, and maintenance, I do not undertake to determine. The Fox-Hound and the Bull-dog, out of this island, are said to lose their properties in a few years; if so, then there must be some local cause of their perfection in this country, and their degeneration in others.

"The attachment of our countrymen for ages, to the sports of the field, has given them health and vigour of body, and a gallant contempt of danger, the uniform effect on those nations that have cultivated them.

"Romanis solenne viris opus
"Utile famæ, vitæque, et membris.
HORACE.

The chace was, by our sires, esteem'd
Healthful, and honourable deem'd.
FRANCIS.

"Without pursuing these remarks any farther, I will now enter into a short historical dissertation on the Dogs cultivated in this country, as far back as any certain account of them can be traced, which is not more distant than the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Of the Dogs existing at this period, we have an excellent catalogue from the able pen of the illustrious Dr. Cajus, and, according to him, there were then known in England sixteen species, or rather varieties of Dogs; for all the different breeds, it is imagined, are merely varieties from one original stock; to which, Mr. Pennant, and Mr. Hunter, have added of late years, the Wolf, the Fox, the Hyæna, and the Jackall, considering them as offsprings of the same stock. To Dr. Cajus, succeeded Merret, Ray, Topsell, and Pennant; they have, however, added but little to his invaluable remarks.

"The species enumerated by Dr. Cajus, are contained in the following list: Terrare, Harier, Blud Hunde, Gasehunde, Grehunde, Leviner or Lyemmer, Tumbler, Spaniel, Setter, Water-Spaniel or Fynder, Spaniel-gentle or Comforter, Shepherd's Dog, Mastive or Bandedog, Wappe, Turnspit, and Dancer. Some of these are wholly extinct, or only a few individuals preserved by the curious.

"For the same reasons that some breeds have become extinct, new ones have been formed, and a great number of these changes from fashion and caprice, take place in a short period of time; the principal, however, still do, and probably ever will remain.

"It is not the purpose of this undertaking to give every possible mixture and variety of Dogs, which, by repeated crossing in various breeds, become almost infinite, but to adhere to what are termed the permanent, as the mixtures or crosses may be referred to the original races.

"The artist also may find these figures useful, by exhibiting the outline and character of these animals, when the originals are not at hand.

"It is hoped the whole will form an useful and entertaining work for the public, and the information given, will be collected from the most authentic sources, but chiefly from my own investigation of the different subjects."

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

ON the evening of the 11th, was performed, for the first time, at this Theatre, the Comedy of, "THE POOR GENTLEMAN," written by George Colman, Esq.

The following are the principal characters in this Drama:—

Lieut. Worthington, the Poor Gentleman,	Mr. MURRAY.
Sir Robert Bramble, a testy old Baronet, fond of argument, & full of humanity,	Mr. MUNDEN.
Farmer Harrowby, an honest hearted English Yeoman,	Mr. TOWNSEND.
Mr. Stephen, the Farmer's Son, somewhat military mad,	Mr. EMERY.
Mr. Lollipop, an Apothecary, and a Cornet in the Volunteer Cavalry.	Mr. FAWCETT.
Sir Robert Croftly, a dissipated young man of fashion,	Mr. FARLEY.
Mr. Frederick Bramble, nephew to Sir Robert, a wild, warm hearted young man, just arrived from Russia,	Mr. LEWIS.

Corporal, the Lieutenant's Servant, the Trim of Tristram Shandy,	Mr. Knight.
Humphrey, Sir Rob. Bramble's Servant, who loves and contradicts his master,	Mr. Betterton.
The Hon. Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, ridiculous for family pride, weakness of understanding, and selfishness of heart,	Mrs. Mattocks.
Miss Emily Worthington,	Mrs. Gibbs.

The Scene—A farm house, Gentleman's mansion and grounds, in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge.

THE FABLE,

Which is original, is as follows:—*Lieutenant Worthington*, after having his wife killed in his arms as he lay in his tent, losing himself an arm in the famous defence of Gibraltar, living for a number of years with his only child *Emily*, in the wilds of Canada, comes at last to reside in England at a farmer's house near Tunbridge. His daughter *Emily*, his late wife's aunt, *Miss Lucretia Mac Tab*, and a faithful old Corporal, his servant, are his companions in this retreat. Scarcely had they settled in the farmer's house, when *Sir Charles Crofily* comes to pursue, with the aid of *Lollipop* the village apothecary, his insidious designs against *Emily's* virtue. *Sir Robert Bramble*, and his nephew *Frederick*, newly arrived from Russia, are about the same time, introduced as friends and protectors to the Lieutenant and his daughter. His misfortunes, however, thicken. A friend, for whom he was engaged to the amount of five hundred pounds dies; and the Lieutenant, unable to discharge the debt, is in danger of sudden imprisonment. *Sir Charles Crofily*, after striving in vain to seduce *Emily*, prepares to carry her off by force; but, *Frederick Bramble* rescues her from *Sir Charles's* attempt. *Sir Robert Bramble*, and his nephew, make eager offers of their friendship. The alarming debt is secretly discharged by *Sir Robert*. *Frederick* and *Emily* discover a mutual attachment, and *Sir Robert* consents to make them happy. *Sir Charles* owns his error, and is forgiven. The *Lieutenant* sees his daughter provided for, and his debt freely discharged. *Miss Mac Tab*, after some quarrels and ill humours, still retains the Lieutenant's kindness; and the inferior persons are gratified in seeing the felicity of the patrons to whom they are attached. The time in which the whole passes does not much exceed twenty-four hours.

REMARKS.

The author's object, in the composition of this piece, has been to combine the power of sentiment, and of the familiar pathetic, with that of wit and humour. These he endeavours to display, partly in the delineation of character, and in sentiments respectively appropriated to the different characters—partly in general, and, in some sort, unappropriated sentiments and manners—and in part, by the effect of changes of fortune, incidents, and situations. The character of *Lieutenant Worthington* is marked with honour, dignity, tenderness, fortitude, and by a sorrow that commands respect, on account of the virtuous affection from which it springs: but it is not all new to the stage; it is a common species, and even of that species, quite a common individual. *Sir Robert Bramble* is a character not hackneyed on the stage, not unallied to real life, formed, we believe, from hints or descriptions to be found in some of our classical periodical papers.—Mr. Colman has not made the most of the idea; he has not sufficiently mark-

marked with the delicate touches of nature that strong caricature which was necessary for stage effect; yet he has made the character a very pleasing one, rich in humour and pathetic sentiment, and even not destitute of wit. The military passion of *Master Stephen*, the Farmer's son, is highly entertaining: it is borrowed, in part, from the *Trim* of *Tristram Shandy*; but the application is in some degree new, and certainly fortunate. There is no novelty, but much admirable humour and satire, in the character of the *Honourable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab.* The Corporal has the fidelity, spirit, and kind-heartedness of *Trim*, and nothing more. The Apothecary and *Frederick Bramble* have little merit, but that they were written for Fawcett and Lewis, and endowed with a liveliness and bustle which London audiences have been much accustomed to applaud.—The general unappropriated sentiments and manners bespeak honour, honesty, British generosity and courage, gallant respect for the fair sex, the just feelings of natural affection, all the tenderness of melting humanity. These sentiments occur in every modern drama; are justly and invariably applauded; and, to say the truth, are almost the only recommendations which the majority of our late Tragedies and Comedies possess. —The succession of the incidents, and the various situations, are almost, without exception, skilfully contrived; they are generally natural, yet adapted to produce a powerful stage effect.—The piece has more of genuine and original wit than any late Comedy we have seen; yet it is not free from stale jests, which Mr. Colman's taste and fertility of genius might have taught him to avoid. Why put into the mouth of the young lady, *Sterne's* old joke of "Ever since he was a puppy?"—On the whole, this piece, though not of first-rate excellence, is greatly above comparison with the Farce of Dibdin.

Mrs. Mattocks's representation of *Miss Mac Tab* was such as to deserve every praise. Emery had first-rate merit in his exhibition of the part of *Mr. Stephen.* Munden, in *Sir Robert Bramble*, contributed much to the success of the piece. Mrs. Gibbs, though not uniformly correct, was often very interesting, in *Emily Worthington.* Fawcett excited much merriment in the Military Apothecary; and in this, as in former instances, we are ready to do homage to the force and vivacity of his comic powers. Mr. Lewis was, as usual, ardently and very justly applauded. Mr. Murray is a very able representative of the *Poor Gentleman.*

An Epilogue, in dialogue, was spoken with good effect. The piece also continues to be a favourite with the Town.

Gaming Debts.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, FEB. 16.

Sittings before Lord Kenyon and a Special Jury of Merchants.

WHALEY, *v.* SOUTHCOTT.

THIS case occupied the attention of the Court and Jury a great part of the day, and therefore we can only give the outlines of it.

The pleadings were opened by Mr. Raine.

The Attorney-General stated to his Lordship, and the Gentlemen of the Jury, that this action was brought by Mr. Whaley, who was a Gentleman of considerable family, connections and fortune, in Ireland, against Sir Thomas Southcott,

cott, Bart. to recover several sums of money which were owing to him by way of loan, and also the price of several horses that had been sold to him. The whole amounted to 178*l*. 19*s*. 7*d*. for which Sir Thomas had given Mr. Whaley a warrant of attorney, to confess judgment, and on which judgment had been entered up; and Sir Thomas, being a prisoner on that account, applied to the Court of King's Bench to have the proceedings on that warrant of attorney set aside, the warrant of attorney itself to be delivered up, and he himself to be discharged on finding common bail Sir Thomas made that application to the Court on the ground that the consideration of that warrant of attorney was merely won at play; and, if that was so, the Attorney General admitted that his client could not recover. After this business had been laid before the Court considerable doubts rested upon it, and therefore the Court, with great propriety, referred it to the consideration of a Jury. They ordered that an action should be brought on the original demand for which the warrant of attorney was given, and which consisted of a variety of sums, amounting in all to 1788*l* 19*s*. 7*d*. When sums of money were lent between parties who had a mutual confidence in each other, there might be some difficulty in making out a demand in a Court of Justice, since parties in such a situation might not be so strict in taking regular vouchers. He should produce an account, which the Plaintiff thought was lost when this business was before the Court of King's Bench: that account comprehended all the items for which the warrant was given, and was regularly signed by the Defendant. He should not rest it on the account stated alone, but he should be able to prove that demand also by living witnesses, on whose credit it would rest that several of these sums were advanced by the Plaintiff to the Defendant in their presence. The Attorney General stated chiefly what each of the witnesses would prove.

Mr. Prescott, the first witness, proved the signature of Sir Thomas Southcott to the account, &c.

Mr. Cox, an Irish gentleman, said he had seen Mr. Whaley and Sir Thomas Southcott together, in Mr. Whaley's house; that they appeared to be acquainted; that one day after dinner, at Mr. Whaley's, he recollected a message sent by Sir Thomas to Mr. Whaley, and that Sir Thomas himself came in about half an hour. Mr. Whaley then went out of the room, and returned with some Bank notes in his hand. He counted them over, and then delivered them to Sir Thomas, when he counted them. Mr. Whaley said they amounted to 520*l*. or 530*l*. Sir Thomas said they were very right.—Some of this gentleman's evidence did not accord exactly with one or two parts of the Plaintiff's affidavit.

Mr. Jefferys, the Member for Coventry, said, he witnessed the execution of a power of attorney, and also of a warrant of attorney, by the Defendant, Sir Thomas. That was in August, or September, 1799. Mr. Whaley called on him, and requested he would give him five minutes of his time, by calling at his lodgings to witness the assignment of some property. He saw Sir Thomas Southcott sign his name. At desire of the Plaintiff, he asked Sir Thomas, if he knew what he was signing; if he had received the consideration; and if he was satisfied? Sir Thomas said, he knew what he was signing, and was perfectly satisfied. He then saw him sign it.

Mary Thompson said, she had been in the service of Mr. Whaley, and

and spoke to the different sums of 150l. and 120l. or 150l. which Sir Thomas had received from her mistress by the direction of Mr. Whaley.

Mr. Dupler spoke to the finding of the account made up of all the items of which the Plaintiffs demand consisted, and signed by the Defendant. It was found in one of the Plaintiff's trunks, which stood in his house, in the beginning of January last. It also appeared from the evidence, that the Defendant had purchased two horses of the Plaintiff, for 500l.

There were two drafts produced by the clerks of Messrs. Walwyn and Co. Bankers, for five hundred guineas, which were payable to one Barnly, and paid by the Plaintiff for the Defendant. There were other two drafts for 46l. each, payable to the Defendant himself, and also paid by the Plaintiff's Bankers.

It was observed, that there was no objection to Mrs. Whaley's being examined; and this lady proved 20l. and 10l. of Mr. Whaley's money, which she delivered to Sir Thomas.

The Plaintiff's case being closed, the leading counsel for the Defendant made a very elegant speech, reprobating in strong language every species of gambling, as well as the conduct of those who were parties to this transaction. No man should deter him, in the discharge of his professional duty, from calling things by their proper names. He considered, in their order, the various items of which the Plaintiff's demand consisted, and did not admit any of them, except the 20l. and 10l. which Mrs. Whaley swore Sir Thomas had of her, of Mr. Whaley's money: he said he was in no condition to deny these two sums; but all the rest he hoped the Gentlemen of the Jury would reject.

The Defendant called no witnesses.

The noble and learned Judge, after having directed the attention of the Gentlemen of the Jury to the most material parts of this case, concluded with observing, that, when a man came into a Court of Justice, it was incumbent upon him to make out, if not to demonstration, yet to the fair conviction of a Jury, the justice of his demand, before he could entitle himself to their verdict. How far that had been done in this case, they would judge: the constitution and jurisprudence of this country had left the decision of it to them, and his Lordship had no doubt that they would do justice between the parties.—The Jury withdrew near half an hour, and returned with a verdict for the Plaintiff, for 298l.

Lord Kenyon.—As something was said about duelling, in the course of this cause, it may not be useless to observe what is enacted by 9 Anne, c. 14, sect. 8. "And, for the preventing of such quarrels as shall and may happen upon the account of gaming, be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that in case any person or persons whatsoever shall assault and beat, or challenge or provoke to fight, any other person or persons whatsoever, upon account of any money won by gaming, playing, or betting at any of the games aforesaid, (cards, dice, &c.) such person or persons assaulting and beating, or challenging or provoking to fight, such other person or persons, upon the account aforesaid, shall, being thereof convicted upon an indictment, or information to be exhibited against him or them for that purpose, forfeit to her Majesty, her heirs and successors, all his chattels and personal estate whatsoever, and shall suffer imprisonment, without bail or mainprize, in the common jail of the county where such conviction shall be had, during the term of two years.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

A Saddler of Chelmsford, has invented a saddle and stirrup to prevent the foot hanging in the latter, in the event of a fall, and is about to obtain a patent for them.

In Brussels, and some parts of France, Professor Bygge observes, that a very whimsical species of travelling equipage has been adopted; it consists of a light curricle drawn by large dogs; sometimes four, and sometimes six of these animals are used as substitutes for horses.

Two boxing matches have been made lately: the first, between Bartholomew, and the Butcher who beat Seabrook a short time since, for one hundred guineas; and the other, between the noted Caleb Baldwin, and Robert Watson, a Bristol man, for twenty pounds a-side. The latter, we hear, has forfeited his stake.

February 3, a match for ten guineas, two miles, was trotted on the Norwich Road, between Setch and Lynn; between Mr. Robson's poney Filch, and Mr. Scarse's poney Fidler, which was won with great ease by the former, he having trotted over the ground at the rate of eighteen miles an hour.

February 1st, died, Mr. J. Langhorn, of the City Repository, Barbican.—N. B. Some account of the life of this old and very eminent horse-dealer, by any of our correspondents, will be esteemed a favour.

" He was a favourite dog," said a gentleman to a friend who was enquiring after him, " but I was obliged to part with him."— " How so, Sir."—" Why he took into his head to *kill his own mutton*."

February 7.—A few days since a lad, aged about fourteen, only son of a merchant, at Minehead, took a gun, with an intention to shoot some blackbirds, adjoining the town; to his parents surprize, he did not return that evening: next morning search was made for him, and about a quarter of a mile from the house, he was found quite dead. It is supposed, that as he was going over a hedge, the gun accidentally went off, and lodged its contents in his stomach.—Verdict—Accidental Death.

Sherborne, February 3.—Tuesday last, a gun was carelessly left loaded in a house behind a door of Mr. Dodderidge, at Minehead; on opening the door, the gun fell and went off, and part of the contents was lodged in the legs and hips of one of his children, a boy about four years old; but there are no hopes of his recovery.

Citizen Basterreche, who has been endeavouring to persuade the French to abandon the use of gold, may be compared to Seneca writing his Treatise on the Contempt of Riches in the bosom of opulence. This Citizen has married a niece of Cambaceres, a young lady of great beauty, on whom he has settled a jointure equal to Thirty Thousand Pounds sterling. This Citizen may, however, dispense with his wife much more easily than the French people can dispense with their gold, as he is a cripple, and has lost the use of nearly all his limbs. A machine has been invented for him, by which he is raised in his chair to the height of his bed, and is, by means of a spring thrown upon it.

A few

A few days since, the cock-loft of Mr. Adams, a famous game-cock breeder, at Pevensey-sluice, was broken open, and thirty-eight young cocks, (denominated stags) stolen therein. Mr. Adams, we understand, estimates his loss at upwards of one hundred pounds.

A few days ago, as Mr. Whiteman, a respectable yeoman at Keymer, was taking the diversions of the gun, in company with a young gentleman of his acquaintance, he sprang and shot a partridge, which his companion, who was close at his heels, also intended to shoot at, but like all young and inexperienced sportsmen, being over eager, he so incautiously discharged his gun, that the whole of its contents entered the back part of Mr. Whiteman's hat, and actually passed under the crown of it, and out at the front part without touching his head, or doing him the least injury.—It may therefore be said literally, that he experienced—*an hair's breadth escape!*

In a coursing match lately at Newmarket, the hare ran with such velocity against a partridge as to strike it down, and it was afterwards taken up by a gentleman who was engaged in the sport.

From the repeated experience of the Courts, there seems to be something in *horse dealing* very fatal to *veracity*. It is *neck* and *neck* with the *evidence!*

A fellow who waited on Thursday at a public-house in the Old Bailey, to give evidence against a woman who had robbed him of some articles, but which had all been returned to him, got so intoxicated before the trial was called, that, on entering the witness's box, he could hardly stand, and when questioned by the Recorder, respecting what were the contents of a bundle which he held under his arm, he stammered out, "What is that to you, Old Big Wig?"—He was of course immediately ordered into custody, and the woman was discharged.

Girardami, a Tyrolese peasant, and self-taught artist, who now resides at Vienna, has invented an air-gun, which may be discharged fifty times without pumping again. The first twenty shots penetrate through a board at an uncommon distance. Girardami makes these air-guns himself, and likewise very good wooden watches.

A fox, hard pressed by the hounds some days since, made for the village of Gamlingay, Cambridgeshire, and entering the house of Mr. Woodham, ran up stairs, and passing from one of the attic windows to the roof, lay there till the pursuit was at an end, when he again passed through the house, and escaped.

A desperate engagement took place a few nights since, on Mr. Penruddock's manor in Wiltshire, between two poachers and two of the keepers; after a contest of nearly half an hour, a third keeper came up, and the two poachers were secured. One of the keepers was severely wounded in the head by the butt-end of one of the poacher's guns

The French papers contain a marvellous account of a child of twelve years old having been the cause of the death of a furious wolf, with a pruning hook. This wolf, like the Dragon of Wantley, had already destroyed a number of children, "that could not with him grapple;" when he had the misfortune to meet with Master Etienne Trouva. The wolf was engaged with a young man of eighteen, for whom he was more than a match, when this boy came up, thrust his hand, Lysimachus like, into the throat of the wolf, cut his nose, knocked

knocked out his teeth, and forced him to take to his heels. He was pursued and shot.

The following venerable coincidents took place in Bath a few days since:—A gentleman now in his seventy-fourth year, sat down to a Rucker's harpsichord, full one hundred and fifty years old, upon a chair which belonged, at least two hundred and fifty years ago, to one of the Monks of Glastonbury, and played some music published above two hundred years since by Pallestrina and Bird: so that the aggregate age of the performer, the instrument, the seat, and the music, amounted to six hundred and seventy-four years!

There is now living at Cloves, in the parish of Alves, Murrayshire, James Watson, who has seen part of three centuries. He was born in March 1699. His farthest journey from his native spot was once to Keith, a village about twenty miles distant. He was at his son's harvest home in October last, and after spending the evening with much glee, walked home to his own house, a distance of a mile and a half, where he was born, and within a hundred yards of where his father was born, who died at the advanced age of ninety-nine years.

PARISIAN AMUSEMENTS.—"I have," says a Correspondent, "been to see the parade of the Carousel, to which no person is admitted without cards.—Never did Berlin present to strangers, (which is saying a great deal), any thing so worthy of admiration. All Paris run to it, at least all who have it in their power. It is held every Quintidi, that is to say, every ten days, and has never been more grand than after the event of the 25th of December.—The Chief Consul was saluted with cries of "Long live Bonaparte!"—His horse and foot grenadiers are magnificent. They are the conquerors of Marengo (in part renewed and filled up by choice youths).—Nothing is to be seen but gold and silver. Never have the Generals been so brilliant and well clothed. Their uniform is superb, and there were twenty of them seen together. In order to form a proper judgment of this parade, it is absolutely necessary to see it. It almost always consists of from four to five thousand men.

"Never had the comic opera been more rich in productions of its kind; but, on the other hand, the Great Opera is on its decline, and is in want both of actors and authors. The ballets are uniformly beautiful. At the Oratorio, the pit tickets cost fifteen, and even eighteen livres; those at the orchestra, at twenty-four livres, were all taken in the morning; they would have been at three louis, if it had been possible that the place could have held more. *The Enchanted Fleet*, a German opera, of which the music is delicious, is soon to be given under the name of, *The Mysteries of Isis.* You know that it will be necessary to make some alterations. *Don Juan*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, &c. pieces of which the music is generally relished in Germany, have been given and applauded. On the whole, music, or to speak more properly, the art of composition, has been carried so far within the last ten years, that the French will soon have no cause to envy their rivals in this respect. This is said without the least exaggeration. The number of little excellent performances which the Italian comedians have in their possession, is unaccountable. Some Italian performers are expected, but it is thought that they will not succeed, if it be not from their novelty.

"Larive is the best French performer,

former, though great attention is paid to Lafond, his rival. It is to the latter that we are indebted for the full impression of that affecting hemistich—*Zaire vous pleurez*, which has never been well given since the famous Le Kain.

" I have paid a short visit to the Museum, and have there admired the master-pieces of antiquity, which the Conquerors of Italy have brought within the walls—The *Apollo of Belvidere*, the *Venus de Medicis*, the *Laocoon*, &c. Besides the antiquities which are presented at the Louvre to the public curiosity, in marbles, pictures, bronzes, &c. Paris presents in many other rooms to public admiration, all that the moderns have opposed to the most beautiful works of antiquity. (This is, perhaps, saying too much, as London, Vienna, Madrid, Berlin, and Dresden, also present many remarkable performances well worthy of being attended to.) Versailles has also a magnificent Museum. In fact, when a person has traversed and examined these different rooms, he feels himself penetrated with a holy respect, and thinks that he finds himself all at once in the midst of an ancient Grecian Temple, in which are crowded at his feet marbles taken from the quarries in the neighbourhood of Athens."

A Cumberland paper informs us, that two gentlemen, riding a few days ago in a gig, between Egremont and Calderbridge, observed a sparrow hawk pursuing a lark; the latter, after several narrow escapes from its enemy, at length was reduced to the necessity of taking refuge in the carriage! the hawk, thus deprived of its expected prey, disappeared in a few minutes; and the lark, soaring upwards, appeared to pour out its lively notes, in gratitude to its protectors.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

HOBBY-HORSES.

STERNE says, " Every man has his hobby-horse; and, by observation, we find *to be talked of* seems to be the *summum bonum* of this life. Few men of rank will glide through life without a distinguished rage; and almost every man of figure determines, on setting out in life, in what line of life to *sport* himself, and that choice is called his *hobby-horse*. One makes the turf his scene of action; another drives about in tall phaetons, to peep into his neighbours garret-windows; and a third rides his *hobby-horse* in Parliament, where it jerks him, sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, sometimes *in* and sometimes out, till at last he is jerked out of his *honesty*, and his constituents out of their *freedom*.

Bon Mot.—A cobler in Dublin lately refused his wife the comfort of *a dish of tea*. The woman vented her complaint to a neighbouring lady, who promised to allow her a trifle for that enjoyment. The woman exultingly told her husband, that she had found *a friend* who would provide her with *tea*. " Very well," said the man, " then I will keep you in *hot water*."

A report, says a wit, is current, that Mr. Pitt is going to be married, and the reason assigned is curious, " now that he has *done* with *business*."—It is more likely, that it is because he has parted with the *lady which he kept in Threadneedle-street.*

 The

The Emperor of Russia, it is observed, now suffers so much from the assaults of his ministerial persecutors, that it seems fair that he should receive the protection of the laws against *bear-baiting!*

An Irish Member said, "I feel myself here so strange, not having my old friends about me, and not knowing the streets and the ways of people, that I am like *a fowl out of water!*"—but, recollecting himself, added hastily, "I mean *a fish in the water!*"

Curious Explosion.—One of the late French papers tells us of a lady of the name of Lanjunais, near Bourdeaux, who was extremely addicted to drinking brandy. With this spirit it seems her body was so imflammably impregnated, that on the 3d Frimaire, attempting to blow out the candle, the flame caught her breath, and she *blew up like (une fussée volante) a rocket!!!*

"The high price of *corn*," said a wag, "is not so much to be wondered at, when it is considered that a *single wheat-sheaf* is valued at *five thousand pounds*, though it is so small that the Countess of Clonmell sticks it in her hair as an ornament!

We are informed the *Je ne sçais quoi* Stays are constructed upon the ingenious principle of the *Patent Coffin*; and that, in both cases, there is no possibility of getting *at the body*. They have been so much approved by many husbands and guardians, that an ingenious artist has applied for a patent for a *Je ne sçais quoi* Petticoat; and, in order to make assurance double sure, he has invented a *Je ne sçais quoi Fiché*, and a *Je ne sçais quoi Chemise*.

A late Shrewsbury Chronicle has an advertisement, in which one George Robinson humbly begs pardon, for having charged the wife of a publican, of Wellingborough, with *waking* in the midst of divine service at church, and singing the song of "Tally Heigh O, the Grinder!"

A Swinish Trick.—A few days ago the servants of a Farmer, a little on the other side of Shoreham river, adopted quite a novel mode of expressing their disapprobation of the coarse bread; which being first introduced to them at supper, they partook of very cordially and plentifully, but afterwards, instead of going to bed, went unperceived to the HOG-STY, (the cabin of which they had previously well littered over with clean straw) and there took their repose for the night. At the hour of labour the next morning, the Farmer, not hearing his men about as usual, got up to enquire the cause, and on going into the yard, was by a strange kind of *grunting* led to the sty, where he found his men, on their hands and knees, in rank before the feeding-trough, intimating, by signs and gruntings, that to be the most proper place for the reception of such food as they had henceforward to expect at his hands. The Farmer endeavoured to get an explanation, but in vain: he, however, took the hint and departed, which produced the desired effect; for, on sending his son to the men, with a promise of better bread in future, they instantly cast off the *swinish* character, and went cheerfully to their labour.

A young man at Lavenham in Suffolk, for a wager of six guineas, a short time since undertook to pick up three hundred stones, and to return with each to the point from which he started, within seven hours; but after six hours violent running, in which it is computed he went fifty-one miles, he was obliged to give up the bet.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

For the SPORTING-MAGAZINE.

THE CHAIRMAN.

A SONG.—TUNE—MRS. CASEY.

OF soft Signora's famous squall,
I own myself no sharer,
Nor yet expect to hear me bawl
In pitch of Madam Mara;
Is mirth and glee your better choice
I'll suit you to a hair, man,
Like Teague, I'll handle with my voice,
The title of a Chairman!

Here's fun and frolic,
Ye melancholic,
Nor libel fear nor treason;
With friendship glowing
Sans int'rest flowing,
This is the feast of Reason.

I'd sing of Kings, and Queens, and Lords,
But fear and prudence hinder,
Much mischief comes of naughty words,
To all but *Peter Pindar!*
The Devil nam'd, his horns appear,
With perr'wig'd imps to scare man,
And pill'ries tingle in the ear,
Decreed by legal Chairman.
For fun and frolic, &c.

To humbug all with lott'ry sop,
And prove that snow is black, Sir,
Take taxes on, and income lop,
By help of choral pack, Sir,
To lead us on thro' thick and thin
Would make a parson swear, man,
Then jump bo-peep behind the screen,
Becomes a nation's Chairman.
There's fun and frolic, &c.

The patriots bluff, with jerkin blue,
Lead on the people's battle,
With equal zeal (you'd swear, 'twas true)
Their tongues and dice-box rattle,
To very rags with thund'ring sound,
They right divine will tear, man,
Yet—*charter'd rights*, scarce safety found,
When patriot was our Chairman.
What fun and frolic, &c.

With turtle cramm'd, and fish and fowl,
Big as their Guildhall giants,
High ranks each Corporation owl
In epicurean science:
Lo! London's knights in order rang'd,
Shrieves, Aldermen, and May'r, man,
Till guttling soon's to guzzling chang'd,
As swigs the city Chairman.
Drinks fun and frolic, &c.

The liq'rish prude, who turns askance,
Nor e'er looks up where male is,
Tho' longing still for Hymen's dance,
Of husband still her tale is;
In secret tried, both good and bad,
Black, tawny, brown and fair, man,
Prefers the Tipperary lad
The six foot Irish Chairman.
For fun and frolic, &c.

Should wilful nature chance to stray,
And trip with neighbour's spouses,
For peeping now you dearly pay
When legal fury rouses;
A thousand pounds, a standing price,
The hazard should you dare man,
For furiously against this vice,
Declaims each black-rob'd Chairman.
Hates fun and frolic, &c.

Ye sons of mirth, assembled here,
May nought our pleasures shorten;
By youthful beauty blest, ne'er fear
That wrinkled hag, Mis—Fortune;

May

May health and ease and senses keen,
(And who but joins my prayer, man)
Attend ye all in ev'ry scene
So hopes your humble Chairman.
And fun and frolic, &c.

GIDEON JUVENAL, Junior.

Lewes, Jan. 14, 1801.

A SONG

FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

IT has long been agreed by all persons of learning,
Who in stories of old have a ready discerning,
That in every country which travellers paint,
There has always been found a Protector or Saint,
Derry down, &c.

St. George for Old England, with target and lance,
St. Andrew for Scotland, St. Denis for France,
St. David for Wales, who on goats us'd to ride,
And St. Patrick, Hibernia's patron and pride,
Derry down, &c.

St. Denis gives soup, and St George the sirloin,
While St. Andrew on oatmeal will frequently dine;
With leeks the fair board of St. David are crown'd,
And St. Patrick's for rivers of claret renown'd,
Derry down, &c.

He was gallant and brave, as a Saint ought to be,
For St. George was not braver or better than he;
He'd drink and he'd sing, and he'd rattle like thunder,
Tho' 'tis said he was now and then given to blunder,
Derry down, &c.

He'd tell you how certain he'd meet you behind,
And he'd follow before you as quick as the wind;
To a tavern he'd go for a temple of prayer,
And he'd drink to the lass with the strait-colour'd hair,
Derry down, &c.

But the jests of his friends he took in good part,
For the blunders were nought but th' excess of his heart,
Though there was but one blunder he ever would own,
And that was—when he saw all the liquor was gone,
Derry down, &c.

He'd fight for his country's religion and laws,
And when beauty was injur'd he took up the cause;
For the gallant St. Patrick, as ev'ry one knows,
Was fond of a pretty girl, under the rose,
Derry down, &c.

So many his virtues, it would be too long
To rehearse them at once in a Ballad or Song:
Then with laughter and mirth let us hallow his shrine,
And drown all his bulls in a bumper of wine,
Derry down, &c.

United with Britain, Hibernia shall be
One Nation, One People, the brave and the free;
Then in vain shall the thunders of Denis be hurl'd,
And St. George and St. Patrick give laws to the world,
Derry down, &c.

AN OLD ENGLISHMAN.

A HINT TO A FRIEND.

FROM Barnstaple, as you declare,
Arriv'd your letter and a hare;
I know the gift you did intend
Should please a very early friend,
But when the charges I did pay,
The pleasure was all done away;
Nine pence your letter cost, ('tis true)
Your hare to London shillings two,
Fourteen-pence more, I do declare
I paid when I receiv'd the hare;
Nearly four shillings in the whole,
It is too much upon my soul.
It brings this adage to my thought,
(That is) far fetch'd and dearly bought.
However, if you'll be content,
A letter and a hare I've sent;
If you should pay as much for these,
Our equal shares must equal please;
In obligations no arrears,
In future let each keep his hares.

Feb. 10. I. I. B.

LINES

LINES,

BY THE LATE LADY TYRCONNEL,

ON WILL ABDY, HUNTSMAN.

(From the Room at Medley, Herefordshire, where the Members of a Hunt frequently dined.)

READER! behold a genuine son of Earth!
Like a true Fox-hound Sportsman, from his birth,
O'er hills and dales, o'er mountains, woods and rocks,
With dauntless courage, he pursued the Fox:
No danger stopp'd him, and no fear dismay'd;
He scoff'd at *Fear*, and *Danger* was his trade.
But there's a bound—no mortal e'er can leap,—
Wide as eternity, as high, as deep:
Hither, by Death's unerring steps pursu'd,
By that sagacious scent which none elude,
By a strong pack of fleetest years run down,
He leaves his whip—where Monarchs leave their crown.
No shift, no double, could the hero save,
Earth now his kennel,—his abode the grave.

Still let us listen to his warning voice,
That sound which once made all the fields rejoice;
Still Exton's plains, and Walcot hills, resound
With the shrill note that cheer'd the drooping hound;
Hark forward, mortals!—mortals, hark away!
Hark to the summons of that awful day,
When the great Judge of Quick and Dead shall come,
And wake the mould'ring corpse to meet it's doom!
For this important hour let each prepare!
'Midst all enjoyments, this your constant care!
Above this world let your enjoyment live,
Nor seek on earth—what Earth can never give!
With stedfast faith, and ardent zeal, arise,
Leap o'er Time's narrow bounds, and reach the skies!

ANCIENT GLEE,

COMPOSED IN THE YEAR 1501.

ADAM BELL, CLYM O' THE CLOUGH, AND WILL CLOUDESLEE.

I.

WE three, archers be,
Rangers that rove through the north country;
Lovers of ven'son and liberty,
That value not honours, or money.

II.

We three, good fellows be,
That never yet run from three times three;
Quarter-staff, broad-sword, or bowmanry;
But give us fair play for our money.

III.

We three, merry men be,
At a lass, or a glass, under green-wood tree;
Jocundly chaunting our ancient glee,
Though we have not a penny of money.

VERSES

INSCRIBED IN THE TEMPLE OF FRIENDSHIP, AT ST. ANNE'S HILL.

By the Right Hon. R. FITZPATRICK.

THE Star, whose radiant beams adorn
With vivid light the rising morn,
The season chang'd—with milder ray
Cheers the calm hour of parting day.
So Friendship (of the generous breast
The earliest, and the latest, guest)
In youthful prime with ardour glows,
And sweetens Life's serener close.

Benignant pow'r! in this retreat,
O! deign to fix thy tranquil seat;
Where, ras'd above the dusky vale,
Thy favourites brighter suns shall hail;
And, from *Life's* busy scenes remote,
To thee their cheerful hours devote;
Nor waste a transient thought, to know
What cares disturb the crowd below!

A BACHELOR'S PRAYER.

BY ANTHONY PASQUIN, ESQ.

Non sum qualis eram bonæ sub regno Cynaræ.
HOR. Ode I. Ad Venerem.

WHAT is a Bachelor?—a thing,
A non-descript without a sting;
A pipe

A pipe unfill'd with Joy's mundungus,
A mule—a manakin—a fungus;
A sterile rock; or seedless grass,
A rusty key—a nought—an ass.
I'll have a *Cw*, if I can get her;
Who would be thus, who could be better?
I'm full of gout, or bile, or grief;
Faith I'll turn o'er another leaf:
As Nature's ebb'd to half my term,
I'll take a partner in the firm.
The cunning, in their cautious will,
Would, with a prop, descend the hill:
I've pass'd the *rubicon* of wealth,
I've topp'd the height of manly health,
And, as I gaze adown the steep,
I see the human phantoms creep,—
The lame—the pestilent—the blind,—
And I'm not many leagues behind.
Oddsniggins, what a truth to know,
The more we are, the more's our woe!
Squeeze the ripe clusters in my glass,
I'll drown the thought, and hail my lass;
I'll inundate my bane in wine,
No statute bids the heart repine;
We'll circle Hope, and scorn to stir,—
Despair's, at best, a sniv'lling cur;
Tho' *Bergen's* poor, and *Newport* garish,
There's happiness in every parish.
I'll have a spic'd *bonne bouche* to eat;
I want some pickles to my meat.
Time gnaws me, (ah! that I could noose
him)
While I, a blockhead, but abuse him!
The tyrant scuds, like *Dian's* hounds,
But even as he runs, he wounds;
He mars my vitals—spoils my geer,
Yet still my motto's "NEVER FEAR!"
Those hours we waste, for Love design'd,
Proclaims the folly of our kind.
What are we at? The deuce is in it,
That either sex should slip a minute:
The orbs of Beauty lose their rays,
And man, imperial man, decays!
I'll quit these temples, which we sin in;
I want a Dame, to darn my linen,
To read the Bible, warm my slops,
Tuck up the bed, and broil my chops;
Lead me from error, like a fairy,
And skim the cream in Passion's dairy;
To share the nectar of my bowl,
And smooth the angles of my soul:
'Tis woman, lovely woman, gives
The zest to him who truly lives:
Though cynics satirize and flout 'em,
By Jove, we cannot do without 'em.
Now *Joans* and *Zantippes* are rare,
Women are better than they were!
That is, if they've been bad at all,
Which yet is problematical;
And infant states, the *Magi* say,
Exact new shoots as trees decay;
Should nymphs live spinsters, like old *Clio*,
Pray who will people the *Ohio*?
I'll have my fill of nuptial pleasure,
Honour and arms demand the measure!
Where shall I meet the rosy maid?
I'll seek *Circassia's* spicy glade,
Or *Lesbian* bow'r, or Greek alcove,
Or *Cnidus'* amarinthine grove,
The Sophi's blazoning *Serail*,
The *Paphian* grot, or Egypt's vale,
Or *Tempe*, where the Sylvans dwell;
But, zounds! *New-York* will do as well.
"Marry," says Impulse. Tell me,
Hymen,
(For you're accustom'd long to try men)
How I shall choose a loving wife,
Who'd fan the breezes of my life!
We all are vain and frail, yet each
Affects the other sex to teach;
Though Polly counteracts th' opinion,
Yet men and women love dominion;
The difference 'tween 'em (I'll maintain
it)
Is, only how they each may gain it.
Direct me, genial god, to woo!
But recollect—I'm forty-two.
"Advance," said Cupid, "on with brav'-
ry!"
But he's a rogue, and full of knav'ry:
I think his agency not wise;
Besides, the boy has lost his eyes.—
There's *Kate* and *Delia*, *Bell* and *Bess*,
Would take a snack at Rapture's mess;
A relic too, both sleek and kind,
Pregnant with sweets as either *Ind*:
These hussies play about my station,
And heat my dull imagination.
Eliza's flush'd with youth and beauty,
But who can tell her map of duty?
Codgers inveigle nymphs too late,
Then blame those faults themselves create!
Your moralists may preach and tire,
But cannot damp the bosom's fire:
And he's a varlet, who'll pretend
To separate the cause and end.—
Bella's a nymph whose radiant charms
Would draw the Thund'rer to her arms:
She trips, as *Atalanta* gay;
She warbles like the Siren's lay;
But ever ogling, nodding, gadding,
And that in wedlock, sets us madding:
Her coquetry's made many sick—
She broke the heart of honest *Dick*!
I must not venture there, because
The gypsey's slurr'd Discretion's laws.—
The pretty *Dowager*, they say,
Breathes odours like the florid May:
Her hazel orbs announce new blisses;
Her pulpy lips are wet with kisses;
She smacks their ruby dew, and seems
To relish Mem'ry's brilliant dreams:

(*The remainder in our next.*)